

SUNSHINE AND SHADE

IN

A HAPPY ITINERANT'S LIFE.

BY

REV GREEN P. JACKSON,
Of the Tennessee Conference.

"For Jehovah God is a sun and a shield:
Jehovah will give grace and glory;
No good thing will he withhold from
them that walk uprightly."

—*Ps. lxxiv. 11.*

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GREEN P. JACKSON.

TO
THE TRAVELING METHODIST PREACHERS,
THE MEMBERS OF THE TENNESSEE CONFERENCE,
SO ABUNDANT IN LABORS AND SACRIFICES,
THIS VOLUME IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY
INSCRIBED.

Preface.

WAS it not said by some great sage
That life is an unwritten page?
We write our fate, and when old age
Or death comes on,
 We drop the pen.

From good or ill, from day to day,
Each deed we do, each word we say,
Makes its impress on the clay,
Which molds the minds
 Of other men.

And all our acts and words and deeds
Sown o'er the past, whence future deeds
Spring up to form our wheat or weeds ;
And as we've sown,
 So reap we then.

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Introduction.

WHEN Green P Jackson entered the Tennessee Conference on trial for membership in it as an itinerant preacher, he adopted the plan of keeping a journal, in which he made a brief and comprehensive record of the most important incidents and occurrences which took place in his life. He did this simply for his own interest and advantage; and he also thought that it perhaps might prove to be, in some sort and measure, both pleasant and profitable to his friends, if perchance they should at any time have an opportunity of honoring it with a perusal. And so he took particular pains to register all his texts, the places where he preached, the sermons from them, the audiences which heard them, the apparent effect which the discourses produced upon them, the conditions of the weather, and other surroundings. He made a minute of the names of all the people whom he baptized and received into the Church, joined together in the bonds of holy wedlock, preached the funerals of and buried, and the names of the infants which he christened. And he did not fail to note the exact time when these things were done. But unfortunately, and greatly to his discomfort, he lost that book, and never recovered it.

He had been keeping it for several years, and was utterly unable to reproduce its contents from memory. And so he was compelled to abandon the scheme altogether. This has been a matter of constant regret to him. But in giving up the journalistic undertaking he has concluded that it will not be improper, or out of order in the least degree, for him to write out a brief account of the most prominent and impressive events in his career for the entertainment and amusement of his friends who may wish to follow him through these somewhat novel and sometimes rather striking narratives.

And it is but just to himself to state that he does this with some hesitancy and no small degree of embarrassment to himself; and, to carry out the project at all, he will be obliged to rely mainly upon the memorabilia which, fortunately, he has faithfully recorded from his youth up to the present time concerning the most notable occurrences in his life. To write of one's self is always a rather difficult and delicate task, and such is obliged to be the case for good reasons. There are, and necessarily must be, many things which constantly take place in the most ordinary, quiet, and prosy lives, of which to speak would be highly distasteful, improper, and imprudent; and to write these things down deliberately with pen and ink, thus putting them in permanent form for the ready gaze and easy inspection of others, could only be painful and hurtful to

all parties interested. And although what has just been said is literally true, yet when any one undertakes to give an account of himself, either for his own gratification or the benefit of others, he is placed under sacred and binding obligations to deal plainly, candidly, honestly, and truthfully in the whole matter. And the report made by him ought to be full and complete enough to take in both the good and bad of his life, so as to enable the reader to form a fair and correct estimate of his real character and true worth.

But you say that it is hard for any one to see his own faults, and much more so for him to speak correctly of them. In this declaration you do but speak forth words of soberness and truth. As a matter of fact, it is very difficult, if not altogether impossible, for one, do the best he can, to speak or write in becoming terms about his worthiness or unworthiness. It is distasteful, not to say intolerable, to listen quietly to one as he proudly parades his rare virtues and excellencies for the information and entertainment of his company. And on the other hand, it can by no means be a delightful business for him to detract, in any measure, from his goodness of disposition, or becloud his brilliant deeds by a needless reference to his ignoble spirit and mean accomplishments.

So we see clearly that there is but one way left open to any one in such a case, and that is to tell the simple story of his life in as easy a strain and natural style

as he possibly can just as it took place with him, neither suppressing the evils thereof nor magnifying the good deeds done. And with this praiseworthy purpose fully formed in the mind, and with the laudable desire firmly fixed in the heart to put forth the narrative so as to benefit others as well as to gratify himself, no one is found so well qualified and fitted to write of the performances and transactions with which he has been connected as himself. It would seem that one should gladly transcribe everything of feeling, thought, word, or work in his life if he might thereby become instrumental in restraining any one from wickedness and inspiring him with the wish and determination to be a worthier citizen and make himself a more useful member of society.

At last every one's life is a checkered scene of good and evil. The good, however, largely predominates in most people. But the evil makes itself far more prominent, perceptible, impressive, and striking than the good. It requires but the smallest quantity of mud or dirt, when dropped into a glass of clean, clear water, to pollute and tinge every bright, sparkling drop thereof. And so one feeble, but sinful, impulse may pervert the soul from the path of safety, and, if indulged in, will quickly ripen into an overt action which must abruptly careen the course of life in the wrong direction, and may ultimately result in its complete wreck and ruin, both for time and eternity.

Hence the eminent importance and vital necessity of starting right and sticking to it to the end.

And that we may be on the safe side of this question, let us, even at the risk of being censured, be charitable enough to persistently persuade ourselves into the belief and hope that people are better than they seem to be. Kind and generous views and notions of our fellows will serve to deepen and strengthen our confidence in the trustworthiness of the wonderful race of beings to which we belong, and this must prove a blessing to ourselves and others. It is a well-known fact that men may seriously injure themselves without damaging others in the slightest measure whatever by simply indulging and cultivating mean and low opinions of their neighbors. The truth is that this is one of the surest and shortest of all the routes to ruin that any human being can select.

Then, taking timely warning, we should be on our guard lest we unwarily and unfortunately fall into this dangerous trap which the wicked one has set shrewdly for us. A good motto is to think evil of no man without a just and reasonable cause. Let us pronounce no man a scoundrel until the unwelcome conclusion has been forced upon our minds by overwhelming and irresistible proof. And even then we may keep the unpleasant knowledge strictly to ourselves, securely locked up fast in the secret chambers of our own bosoms. Let us not be hasty to divulge it to others, for

the chances are they will manage to find it out soon enough without our aid in its publication. Let us cautiously guard our own innocence by kindly refraining from speaking disagreeable and hurtful things of others to any one else. In the end this will certainly be far better for all who are involved. We should remember that it is a grave offense even against the guilty to discuss their foibles, faults, and wicked doings in their absence. Whatever we may have to say that is unfavorable or disparaging to friend or foe, we should be thoughtful and honorable enough to speak it out in his presence, so that he may at least have the privilege and opportunity of explaining and defending himself as far as he may be able and necessity require. All must recognize the fact that this is the only fair and righteous way of conducting the matter. And such a course is in perfect agreement with the golden rule as laid down by Jesus himself: "All things therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them: for this is the law and the prophets." (Matt. vii. 12.) "That is, whatsoever, as a fair and just man, ye would have from others, that do to others. What ye would feel would be right for you in their place, that concede ye to them in their own place. Make their case your own, and think what ye could then fairly demand." GREEN P JACKSON.

Nashville, Tenn., October 3, 1903.

Sunshine and Shade in a Happy Itinerant's Life.

GREEN P JACKSON was born on the twenty-seventh day of March, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty. But he does not know satisfactorily the exact place of his nativity. He knows with certainty only that he was born in the immediate vicinity of Charlotte, which is the capital of Dickson County, Tennessee. The town is small; but it is inhabited by good people, and is in the midst of a fine community.

And it was close to that place that the writer first opened his eyes on the beauties of this world, and began to breathe the vital air of heaven. It was somewhere right close to it that he commenced his earthly career. And he has many sacred and some sad remembrances in connection with his early life, which was spent in that delightful little town and its surrounding country.

His first distinct recollections of home life cluster with unabating fondness and tender affection to an old-fashioned house consisting of two large

rooms connected by an open hallway or passage between them. Now this antique and rather grotesque edifice was constructed of big, broad, flat logs which had been felled in the woods of the adjacent forest and hewn to a smooth surface with a broadax. The corners were notched and fitted with great care and much skill, and carried up straight and true. The roof was supported by rafters made of small poles cut from the thicket, cleanly barked, fastened together at the top with pins or pegs, so as to form the bridge, and also fastened at the bottom to the plates and held together by the purlin, which consisted of long, thin slats of wood, to which the clapboards, two and a half or three feet long, riven out with a frow, were fastened, thus forming the covering. The floor was laid of plank cut with a rip saw and fastened down to sleepers made of suitable saplings, dressed on one side with an adz to a flat surface. The numerous cracks in the walls were stopped with wooden blocks or chinks, and then daubed with mud and mortar and afterwards thoroughly whitewashed with lime and water. The particular building here referred to was one story and a half high, with heavy stone chimneys—one at each end of the structure. The fireplaces, as they

were called, would be looked upon as real curiosities by our young people of this day, for their dimensions were spacious. They were truly enormous, being thus endowed with ample capacity for holding wood and fuel. And they piled it on and set the fire to burning. The bright flames flashed, the red heat glowed, and warmth, cheer, and comfort flowed out and filled the whole room. O the real beauty, luxury, and bliss of an old-style fireplace! Who that has seen and enjoyed it can ever forget it? It has a true grandeur about it which even time itself can hardly efface from the tablets of memory. The hazy wreaths of curling smoke, the kindling coals, the rising flames, and crimson glare of the old ingleside of the happy home of innocent childhood linger forever with precious, hallowed influences around the heart, as the sweetest memories and most sacred relics of faultless life. They are the lasting symbols of the deepest, divinest, and fullest joys of home and its blessed associations. To think of them is to call from the silent realms of the speechless past the most fascinating scenes of domestic bliss that this world of endless pleasures and ceaseless cares can afford. When they appear they are always most welcome guests. They bring light to us in darkness and consolation

in sorrow. Through their kindly aid we are enabled again to live over the delightful days of our tender and sinless childhood. They help us to hear our loving mother as she hums the old songs of the long ago and pours the soft, sweet music of her pure soul upon the busy labors of her toiling hands, while she moves softly about the room, busily looking after her household affairs. Mention them, and our noble father comes back to view, and for the moment we seem to see him smiling upon us, as he was wont to do in the days of his flesh, when he used to press us warmly to his confiding and rejoicing heart, and made us feel that our father was the best friend we had on earth.

And then reflecting upon the old fireplace builds up again complete the whole family circle. The merry glee, the mirthful laughter, and the jovial romp of the children, as they keep playful company with each other in the presence of their parents, chase care away from the anxious mind and fill the dreary wastes of memory with charming ecstasies of forgotten joys. And around that weird fireplace in the long winter nights, when the cold winds were blowing with mournful sounds against the trembling doors and rattling windows—there they sat in breathless silence and listened with mute wonder

to the long ghost stories and startling Indian war tales which entered so largely into the social entertainments peculiar to those times.

And the dear old house of which the writer is speaking stood out in bold relief upon a splendid elevation. It was placed upon a beautiful knoll, or small hill, which went sloping gently and gradually down in all directions. And whichever way you looked, your eyes rested upon the most entrancing scenery. The view all around was just simply magnificent. Nature herself seemed to be at her best estate and in her happiest mood all about that old country residence. The sunlight shone with glinting beams upon the green, grassy plains, danced with trembling splendor upon the flowery hills, and smiled with vital brilliancy upon the waving woods, growing crops, and fruitful fields.

And at a convenient distance the spring came gurgling up clear, clean, and cold from its invisible, secret, subterranean track under the pretty round hill, which seemed always keeping sleepless guard over it, and ran away in a little rippling, laughing, singing brooklet. And the sparkling water, which was good for drinking, cooking, and washing, was caught in an old, dingy, worn, moss-covered spout that was made out of a straight, suitable sapling

cut from the grove, split open in the middle from end to end, and carefully and cunningly hulled out to a thin trough, through which the refreshing stream was conveyed in a direct, unbroken line into the red cedar bucket, belted with bright, burnished, shining brass hoops—a vision of rare beauty and a delight forever.

What fine water that was! I have drunk from some famous fountains in my day; but I have never anywhere nor at any time tasted water that was superior to the pearly drops which came bubbling from the rocky mouth of that old spring that broke from the foot of the yellow sandstone hill. As a beverage for thirsty mortals it was far better, more necessary and vitalizing, than the intoxicating draughts of that divine nectar of the gods of which we read so much in classic story and song.

And the hill out of which that delightful spring came was itself a thing of imposing beauty. It was a fine monumental mound, clad in robes of the richest green grass and adorned with the brightest and sweetest of all flowers. The wild strawberries, dewberries, and blackberries which grew in great abundance upon it seemed far more delicious than all the other berries, scattered over the face of the earth.

And then the precious little branch which ran from the spring was a source of endless amusement and pleasure to the children of that region. They played and romped all along up and down its verdant banks, and plucked the broad, bright leaves of the May apple and papaw bushes, and made hats and bonnets, and decorated them with gay flowers. The memory of those happy, halcyon days of innocent childhood ever lingers in undying fondness about the heart like the lovely charm of a divine dream whose bliss fades not away. And they waded in the branch, gathered up the curious little periwinkles, and caught the cute, ambling crawfish. This was racy sport. And they enjoyed it as children alone can enjoy such diversions.

The soil of the farming lands in that section of the country was not of the richest and most fertile character; but still, with proper preparation and culture, it was fairly productive. And when thus treated it did not often fail to return a fair remuneration for honest toil. The husbandman who bestowed upon it the necessary attention and labor was generally amply rewarded for his pains and the work of his hands. Any one with industry and economy, having good management, could, under favorable circumstances, make a fair competency

for himself and his family. And for several years in succession his father did it.

He was living at this place when the famous March snow fell. That remarkable snow came in the first part of the month of March, eighteen hundred and forty-three. He was at that time only about three years of age. But as young as he was, he distinctly remembers the circumstance. He recollects very well seeing his father busily engaged shoveling out a pathway through the snow to the smokehouse, which stood some distance from the building in which the family lived. That snow was very deep, and it lay on the ground for many days. The top of it was covered with a thick, slick shield of ice which rendered travel surpassingly difficult and dangerous. The falling of that great snow and its long continuance upon the ground is perhaps the first thing in life that he distinctly and intelligently remembers. But from that event on down to the present time the striking and impressive occurrences of this world which have entered into his experience and come under his observation have fastened themselves on his mind in such a way that they have remained with him. Ever since that momentous time of his existence he has been able to call up at will the im-

portant facts and transactions which have taken place, so as to reason about them and use them profitably in practical life. And he has often thought that his responsibility to his parents and to God began with him about that period of his being. Truly that was a very early and tender age for one to become conscious of obligations to obey his parents, and to form a definite idea of any kind of worship toward God. But with all that, the writer feels fully satisfied that such was the case with himself. He would not affirm with dogmatic assurance that he was then fully accountable for his conduct, but he does claim with undoubting certainty that then the light of moral obligation and personal responsibility began to dawn with ever brightening and strengthening beams upon his mind and heart. Away back in those very early days of his life he began to recognize a difference between right and wrong, and to feel that it was his duty to obey his father and mother and to pray unto God. Of course these impressions and notions with him were obliged to be very imperfect; but they were the sure buddings of great principles which have since blossomed out into undying affection for his parents and profound reverence for, and everlasting devotion to, God.

THE writer knows but little about his ancestry. He is not able to trace out the relationship of his family on either side of the house. He regards this as a misfortune to be deeply regretted, and submits unwillingly to the inevitable condition of things. Often he feels that he would gladly know more concerning the progenitors of his father and mother. But being utterly unable to do this, he contents himself as best he can to remain in hopeless ignorance about the matter.

His father was Green Jackson, who was born on the twenty-eighth day of December, eighteen hundred and eight. He was a Tennessean by birth. The people from whom he sprang were a brave, sturdy Scotch-Irish family who came to this country at an early day from Virginia. His advantages were good for the times in which he lived. His father was a well-to-do man, in easy, comfortable circumstances, and gave his children a good education. There were several sons in the family and only one daughter.

Green Jackson was a tanner by trade, and he followed that vocation awhile for a livelihood; but finally, for some reason, he quit it and turned his attention to farming. He was an industrious, hard-working man, and he adopted rules of the strictest

and most rigid economy. He was a man of well-regulated life. In all his habits he was severely temperate. He was in the fullest sense of the term a teetotaler. He was given to the use of neither tobacco nor intoxicating drinks. And he was not only a man of abstemious life, but he was also a man of great firmness and decision of character. He was never really obstinate or stubborn in his nature, but he was of an unyielding disposition until he became fully convinced that he was in the wrong, and then he did not hesitate to submit at once.

No man ever had a higher or grander conception of honesty, truth, and justice than he had. If ever any mere man lived fully up to the golden rule, surely he did. His word was as good as his bond. He failed not to meet his obligations. All that he had on the earth was good for his debts. He claimed nothing until whatever he owed was completely liquidated. He never forgot a promise, broke a pledge, nor trifled with his word. As a friend, he was liberal and generous; as a husband, he was affectionate and faithful; as a father, he was tender and indulgent; as a citizen, he was genuinely and profoundly patriotic. He dearly loved his country and gloried in her prosperity. In politics

he was a thoroughgoing Jeffersonian Democrat. The day of an election certainly found him at the polls and ready to vote, and he always put into the ballot box a straight party ticket. That was his established custom. And he was careful to bring up in this faith all his sons.

IN the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-seven the writer's father was married to Miss Huldah Line Paxton Joslin. Her people were of Welsh or English extraction. They came from South Carolina to Tennessee at an early period of its existence as a State. The union between his father and mother proved to be a happy one to both of them. She was not only a suitable companion to him; but she was also "a help meet for him," assisting him in the labors of life, sharing his joys and sympathizing with him in his sorrows. She was several years younger than he, having been born on the twenty-fourth day of January, in the year eighteen hundred and twenty. Her paternal grandfather was a lieutenant in the command of Gen. Francis Marion, in South Carolina, during the revolutionary war. He lived to be one hundred and ten years of age.

His mother was a woman of strong mind, but

rather feeble in body. She had been brought up in ease and tenderness. Her father was a successful and prosperous farmer, and he was the owner of a fine little farm on the waters of Jones's Creek, in Dickson County, Tenn. He was a peaceable, quiet, exemplary citizen. In politics he was a staunch, uncompromising Whig.

As intimated, his mother, in her growing up, was shielded from all hardships. And his father, although he had a fair competency with which to begin his married life, was nevertheless unfortunate in the management of his business affairs, and soon lost all he had and was reduced to poverty. Thus it became necessary that he and his young wife should both go to work to make a living for their growing family. And that is just what they did. There was no hesitancy upon the part of either of them. They determined at once to resort to hard labor.

While his father cultivated a rented farm, his mother learned the tailor's trade and worked at it for years. And by making a constant and united effort they were able to supply the wants of themselves and their children. They reared a large family. There were fifteen children born unto them. Ten of this number they succeeded in rear-

ing to manhood and womanhood—eight boys and two girls. And there was not a death in the household until eighteen hundred and seventy-two, when our father passed away, in his sixty-fifth year. However, his death was the result of an accident. He was thrown violently from the back of a vicious animal, and the injuries which he received in the terrible fall finally brought about his death. He was naturally a very stout, healthy man, and bade fair to reach a good old age. But that sad and unfortunate occurrence put a sudden and very unexpected termination to his earthly labors. His death was peaceful and triumphant.

His father and mother succeeded not only in rearing and educating their large family of children, but they were also enabled to purchase a small tract of land, which they improved and turned into a nice, comfortable home. They took great pride and pleasure in decorating and adorning it with shrubbery, fruits, and flowers. They were getting along well, and were very happy. But at last there came a gentleman to their house and laid claim to the land upon which they were residing in ease and contentment. He had come into possession of an old war grant to it, and so he had no trouble in recovering it from them. It was a dark day in the

history of him and his family on which he lost his land and was turned out of his home, and they felt then as if no greater misfortune could have overtaken them.

He went back to renting land to cultivate. That is a hard way to live. But he accepted the situation, because he could do nothing else just then. Though he had lost his land, he still had his stock and was able to work. He went sadly forth, as it were, to begin life anew, and was greatly troubled. He seemed completely broken down in spirit. Mother bore up better apparently than he did, and she comforted and encouraged him all she could in his deep despondency and gloom.

The great Civil War came on, and a worse trouble still, if possible, came upon him. To keep his work-stock, he was obliged to stable them in the yard close to the house in which he lived. One night, while father and mother were both absent in the neighborhood attending a lady who was dying, the house was burned; and the stables where the horses and mules were also took fire, and all were completely destroyed. No one was there but a daughter, who was quite young, and the smaller children left in her care. She managed to save them, and that was all. Everything else was

lost. Even the wearing apparel, excepting the garments which they had on, went up in flames. This disaster truly left them in a destitute and desolate condition. But in time the sons grew up to manhood and came to the rescue of their father. They bought a home and settled him comfortably on it. So he spent his last years independently, in peace and quietude on his own little farm.

His parents were poor, but good, honest, clever people. They were strict and active members of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. They loved God and were devoted to his cause. In the rearing and training of their children they were cautious and careful, paying much and close attention to their religious instruction and cultivation. They carried them with them to the Sunday school and church. This was good for them. The Sunday schools were not then as they are now. No; they were conducted on an entirely different plan. In those days we carried our Bibles with us to the school and read a chapter from the Old or New Testament, as the case might chance to be. The portion of Scripture read had been selected, agreed upon, and studied during the previous week. It was always read in regular rotation. The order adopted was as follows: The teacher, who usually

sat at the head of the class, read the first verse in the lesson, and then each pupil read consecutively, one after another, to the end. And when the reading was finished the discussion commenced, in which there was a free and sometimes pretty warm interchange of views and opinions concerning the meaning of the lesson under consideration. The members of the classes were also required to commit to memory portions of Scripture. Some would stand up in the school and repeat many verses at a time which they had learned during the week. This peculiar exercise was both interesting and instructive.

The Sunday schools which we have now are superior to those of that day in many respects, but surely not in all. One advantage which their system had over ours is found in the significant fact that it kept them more directly in vital contact with the word of God. And if their aids and helps were not as great as ours are, their work was—and there is always a blessing in toil when performed rightly and in the proper spirit. The honest laborer, in any department of life, is invariably sure of his reward.

Now when the Sunday school was over we all remained for the regular services of the church. We

were not allowed to leave till preaching was over. This was the established custom of the times, and no one thought of violating or disregarding it. And to have attempted such a thing would surely have brought trouble upon the offender. The matter was settled, and no one cared to undertake so hazardous an enterprise, as he knew any effort to unsettle it would prove to be.

And back there was also the age of camp meetings in this country. And the Cumberland Presbyterian Church engaged largely in that peculiar work. His parents believed in the camp meetings. They went and carried all their children along with them, and remained there until the last service was closed. What grand times the people, and preachers too, had on such occasions! The camp ground was put in order. There was a large shelter built in strong and secure style which was capable of accommodating hundreds of folks. The altar was covered with clean wheat or oat straw in abundance, for the mourners to kneel down on and get religion. The pulpit was always built at one end of the shelter, and at night the whole place was illuminated with tallow dips, which were nailed to the big posts that supported the shelter. There were tents or little houses made of poles and boards

erected all over the camp ground, well furnished with straw-covered bunks for the people to sleep on. And generally those who lived near the place furnished ample provisions to feed all who were in attendance. But sometimes they came from a distance with supplies. The horses were also taken care of on pastures and otherwise. They had great times at the camp meetings. Hundreds and thousands of people were converted to God and saved. The preaching was *powerful*, the singing, praying, and exhorting were *powerful*, and the convictions and conversions were *powerful*. The order on such occasions was good, for there was a regular police force appointed to see that there was no misbehavior or misconduct going on. Much and lasting good was accomplished. The camp meetings contributed largely to the building up of all the Churches. The vast benefits accruing from them still remain with and bless us even at this remote period from their existence. Many of us are glad and still rejoicing that we were permitted to attend them. But their day is past and gone. They were admirably suited to the sparsely settled condition of the country. The people left their homes and came for miles to be at them. The conveniences of travel were not then what they are now—far from

it. They came in carts and wagons and on horseback. Barouches and buggies, so common among the people now, were scarcely known then. They were comforts and luxuries owned and enjoyed by the rich only. And many of the poorer classes walked long distances to be at these meetings. But as the population became more dense the necessity and demand for these meetings ceased.

His parents were not sectarian or selfish in their religion. They believed in the doctrines and usages of their Church, maintained and defended them when the occasion called for it; but at the same time they were liberal, kind, and generous to all other denominations, and they were often seen worshiping with them as if they belonged to them. Houses of worship were scarce in those days. On this account public services were often conducted in private dwellings. His father's house was always open on such occasions. So ministers of all denominations frequently came and preached in his home. And they always found a resting place under his roof. They were most welcome guests in his family. He was delighted to have them among his children for the hallowed influence they exercised over them and the holy example they set before them.

And even now the writer recalls with a feeling of much fondness and great pleasure the songs, prayers, exhortations, and sermons which he was accustomed to hear in his father's own humble home. These things have had a vast and constant influence for good upon his life, both in experience and practice. And in all his course as a member of the Church and a minister of the gospel of Christ he has not for a moment lost sight of another fact of deep interest and comfort to him: he never knew his parents to have anything like a dance or card party in their house. And such amusements were as common in those days as they are now. They never seemed to forget that they were Christian people and members of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. And if they did not live fully up to all the obligations of their profession, one thing is certain: they always lived in strict accordance with it.

THE writer is unable to remember when he was not the subject of religious impressions. At a very early period of his existence he began to feel and recognize his responsibility to his parents and to God. As already indicated, this consciousness

must have come to him about the close of the third or the beginning of the fourth year of his life. He thinks that he was christened in his infancy by Rev. John L. Smith, a famous Cumberland Presbyterian preacher, of great eloquence and power in the pulpit. But it is a most difficult matter for him to tell when and where he obtained the pardon of his sins; in fact, he really does not know. It must have been very close to the commencement of his personal responsibility to God. O that it had begun with it and never been interrupted at any time in his life! But alas! such is not the case. However, he has been praying unto, and trusting in, God nearly all of his conscious existence. And his faith and confidence in God from tender childhood have known nothing like serious doubt or misgiving.

He may here properly relate a simple incident of his boyhood which will give an idea of how implicitly he relied upon God in all things. One of the work oxen had gotten out of the pound and was off with the other cattle grazing on the commons, and when he, having gone after him, came upon him, he stopped and kneeled down upon his knees and prayed that he might be able to get the ox back to the pen without any great trouble. His prayer was heard and answered. But it may be

said that he would have succeeded as well in getting the animal back to his place without the prayer as he did with it. Well, say that he would, still it remains true that he himself would not have been as well off and as happy without the prayer as he was with it. However great and grievous his sins in the past may have been, one thing about them is certain: they have never been of a skeptical character. He does not know how to question God's faithfulness in keeping his promises.

But notwithstanding all this, he has often been greatly troubled about his waywardness and wickedness in feeling, imagination, speech, and conduct. If he has not sinned purposely, he has through ignorance, mistake, inadvertency, and undue excitement. He has been led into many faults by the infirmities of the flesh. His appetites and passions have sorely worried him. But he has never lost a happy sense of his acceptance with God. In spite of all his imperfections and weaknesses, he has held himself firm in his resolution and effort to love and follow Christ to the end. And at special times he has obtained great victories over himself, the world, and the devil. He has had many grand occasions of communion and exultation with God. He now recalls one in particular,

which he wishes to relate. It took place when he was about seven^o years of age. There was a large, splendid old chestnut tree which stood but a short distance from the house. He was in the habit of going to this tree a little after dark for devotional exercises—meditation and prayer. One evening he went forth perhaps a little earlier than usual and fell down at the foot of this grand old Heaven-built altar and began to pray with great fervor and earnestness. It was a fine night. The whole sky was literally aglow with hosts of glittering stars, and the clear, bright moon was shining serenely down and bathing the tranquil world below with her silvery beams of pure light. It was as beautiful as day. And suddenly, and very unexpectedly to him, a divine influence flooded his spirit, soul, and body with a great joy, unspeakable and full of glory. He was so happy that everything looked perfectly lovely to him. In the heavenly transports of the hour he felt like embracing the bushes, shrubs, and briars round about him. He rejoiced, shouted, and praised God there in the moonlight. It was an hour of deep, real, conscious, happy communion with Heaven. There was no chance for anything like deception in that case. Jesus alone could have blessed him so, and he knew

that then as well as he does now, and he hopes to carry the fond remembrance with him to his death.

He continued praying regularly and trying to serve the Lord as best he could under all conditions and circumstances until he was about fifteen years of age, when, as he was reading the following passage of Scripture, "Every one therefore who shall confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father who is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father who is in heaven" (Matt. x. 32, 33), the question was settled with him, and he determined at once that he would make a public profession of Christ Jesus before men at the first opportunity, which soon presented itself. In a few days there was to be a protracted meeting, which was announced already to commence, near his father's house. He made preparations to attend it. The first service of that meeting was held at eleven o'clock on Saturday morning, the twenty-fifth day of the month of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-five. But he was not permitted to be present to hear that morning sermon. It was cloudy in the forenoon and rained steadily, and at times heavily, during the whole of the afternoon of that day.

But he was present at the evening service. He went in due time, walking about one mile and a half through mud and water, and on his arrival he found a large concourse of people gathered for worship and engaged in singing while the minister was getting himself in readiness for the approaching labors of the hour. They sang:

Brethren, we have met to worship
And adore our God the Lord;
Will you pray with all your power,
While we try to preach the word?
All is vain unless the Spirit
Of the Holy One come down:
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

• That was a very popular hymn in those days, and was often sung in order to put the minds and hearts of the people in proper frame for worship. Now the writer of this sketch had fully made up his mind to accept and comply with the terms of discipleship on this occasion, as he found them laid down and presented to him by our Lord himself in the ninth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, and at the twenty-third verse: "And he said unto all, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." As already suggested, it only remained for him to

make a public declaration of his willingness and determination to live the life of a humble, faithful Christian, having sometime previous to this experienced a change of heart which brought him into saving relations with God. And while he did not feel himself under condemnation as an unforgiven sinner, still he was more deeply concerned about the condition of his soul in the eyes of his blessed Saviour than anything else in the whole world, for he was fully aware of the fact that it was absolutely necessary for him to make a public profession of his faith in, acceptance of, and allegiance to Jesus Christ, the Son of God. And he also felt satisfied that he could not be perfectly happy until he did this, and so he resolved to act in the matter at once. There was no long delay, for the favorable opportunity was close at hand. The vast assembly present were not in the church house, but under a very large, commodious, and substantial shelter which had been built in regular camp meeting style for use during the hot summer months. The officiating minister was a Methodist preacher—a circuit rider and a great revivalist. It was the Rev. Robert L. Fagan. He was at that time in charge of the Dickson Circuit, in the bounds of which this great meeting was

held. He was a handsome, noble-looking man, tall enough, jet-black, glossy hair, dark, brilliant, flashing eyes, splendid, clear, musical voice. He was a very earnest, impressive, and attractive speaker. That memorable night, so valuable and precious to the writer, he read for his text the following beautiful words: "I will arise and go to my father." (Luke xv. 18.) The sermon was good and appropriate. At its close he extended the invitation to penitents—or, as it was called in those days, which is far better, he called for mourners—and the writer arose promptly and went forward—literally fell prone in the altar, which was covered with wheat or oat straw. He was not there long. They were singing that grand old hymn of Watts:

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?

And did my Sovereign die?

Would he devote that sacred head

For such a worm as I?

Was it for crimes that I have done

He groaned upon the tree?

Amazing pity! grace unknown!

And love beyond degree!

He was praying and trusting with all his heart; and suddenly there came into his soul a great peace, joy, and happiness. He was filled unutterably full of glory and of God. This great blessing

was preceded by a moment of complete unconsciousness to him, in which he has no knowledge of what occurred round about him, but he does know well what took place within him—the love of God was shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost which was given unto him. He had been happy before in the Lord, but not so happy as he was then; his cup was full to the brim and running over. He shouted aloud and praised God. Everything about him seemed changed and clothed with a strange beauty. He looked upon his mother's face, to find it shining with a heavenly radiance; the countenance of the preacher, who had him in his arms, was beaming with celestial bliss; the old tallow dips, nailed to the big, strong, rough posts that supported the covering of the immense shelter, were streaming with a brilliancy which appeared to him then brighter than the magnificent electric lights which flood our streets now with the brilliancy of day look to be; the very straw that lay upon the altar seemed all aflame with the rapturous light of salvation. His spirit, soul, and body were all happy together. He leaped into the air, shouted, and clapped his hands with inexpressible delight, and the only reason he can give why his fingers did not shout aloud is the simple fact that

they had no tongues with which to speak. Of course this constituted a new era in his religious life. His experience and practice both took on a far deeper and wider significance and importance to him. Truly he knew before this that he was converted; but others could not know it, and so on this occasion he proclaimed it publicly to the world. So it was with Jacob. That patriarch was certainly and beyond all doubt converted at Bethel in the wonderful dream which he had when he beheld the mysterious ladder with its foot resting upon the earth and its head or top leaning upon the throne of God in heaven, and the bright angels of glory ascending and descending upon its shining rounds, while the Son of Man himself was seen standing above it. And this is the view which the prophet took of the matter: "He found him at Bethel, and there he spake with us; even Jehovah, the God of hosts; Jehovah is his memorial name." (Hos. xii. 4.) From Bethel, had he died, he would have gone up to heaven. But when he wrestled with the divine angel of the covenant upon the slippery bank of the foggy Jabbok, he learned much more of God than he had known before, and was ever afterwards a much better and happier man. Then it was that he obtained a most signal and sacred victory for

himself. It is one thing to know the Lord in the pardon of your sins, and another very different thing it is to fully and forever consecrate yourself to him and his cause. And if you are not already entirely satisfied that such is the fact, test the matter at once for yourself by personal effort, and so learn that "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John i. 9.)

IMMEDIATELY after his public confession of the Christ before men, the writer offered himself for membership to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and on being accepted he requested to be baptized by immersion. But as he had been baptized in his infancy, there was some doubt expressed as to the propriety, or even the legitimacy, of complying with his demand. Finally, however, the preacher concluded to yield to his desire, and he was immersed with several other persons in Jones's Creek, which is a beautiful stream of clear, pure water not far from Charlotte, the little town in which he was educated. And while he does not now see any reason whatever for the necessity of his rebaptism, yet he does not at all regret it. He

has devoutly studied the question of Christian baptism with great care and interest, and he regards the sacrament not only as the initiatory rite into the Church, but also as being highly and most divinely symbolic in its meaning. For instance, immersion signifies death unto sin and resurrection into newness of life to him who is baptized by that particular mode, which was certainly suggested to the mind by the Holy Scriptures, as we may clearly see from the following references: "Even when we were dead in sins, hath [God] quickened us together with Christ, (by grace ye are saved;) and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." (Eph. ii. 5, 6.) "Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." (Rom. vi. 4.) Baptism by pouring points directly and most unmistakably to the descent and divine affusion of the Holy Spirit, which is expressly pointed out in the gospel as the baptism of Christ: "And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh." (Joel ii. 28.) "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but he that cometh after me is mightier than I,

whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire." (Matt. ii. 11.) "And as I began to speak, the Holy Ghost fell on them, as on us at the beginning. Then remembered I the word of the Lord, how that he said, John indeed baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost." (Acts xi. 15, 16.) Baptism by sprinkling looks straight to the sprinkling of the blood of Jesus for the remission of sins and the cleansing of the soul from guilt. "Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ." (1 Pet. i. 2.) "And I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you." (Ezek. xxxvi. 25.)

So it becomes evident that the particular mode of baptism which any one may select on coming into the Church depends altogether upon the peculiar fact in his Christian experience which he wishes to make most prominent by that sacred ceremony. If he should desire to emphasize his resurrection from the death of sin into the spiritual and eternal life, he will be immersed; but if he should have in view the precious truth that he has been

saved from sin and ruin by the baptism of the Holy Spirit, he will by all means prefer pouring; and in case he should attempt to place special stress upon his purification from all unrighteousness by the blood of Jesus, he will be sure to ask baptism by aspersion.

Now the writer has already given symbolic expression to his spiritual resurrection and baptism of the Holy Spirit by the two modes of the sacred ordinance which he has received, *immersion* and *pouring*, and he has often felt that he would like to be baptized also by *sprinkling*, that he might thereby declare the conscious fact that he has been washed, cleansed, and sanctified by the blood of Jesus his Saviour, and he can see no good reason why this should not be done.

THE writer has ever felt, even from his tender childhood, a strong and constant inclination to the ministry, and always thought that he would be a preacher some day. And soon after his connection with the Church this abiding impression became much stronger and more pronounced than it had been at any former period in his life. But he did not, as many have done, strive against it, but he yielded readily and willingly to its high

claims upon him. So he had none of those severe struggles and awful conflicts through which he has frequently heard his brethren in the holy calling speak of passing. The truth is, he did not feel that he was making any great sacrifice in becoming a preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ, but, on the contrary, he looked upon it as the highest honor that God could confer upon him in this life. And so he continues to consider it even now. Most truly he has at all times felt keenly his utter incompetency and embarrassing unworthiness to fill the hallowed and sacred place to which his Lord has called and appointed him; but through His abundant grace and mercy he is still desirous of doing the best he can to obey him and benefit his fellow-men by proclaiming in his humble way the great and grand truths of the everlasting gospel, a dispensation of which has been granted unto him. And he only regrets that he is not holier and more lowly, that he might be better and happier himself and more useful to others in the work of this "glorious ministry." When God calls a man to the pulpit, he should go without resistance, murmur, or complaint. But he ought not to enter that consecrated place until he is divinely commissioned to do so. God alone has the right to select and send

forth his messengers. And this is what Jesus held and clearly taught: "Then saith he unto his disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest." (Matt. ix. 37, 38.) Surely none but the husbandman who owns the field has the inherent right to employ the hands to reap his harvest. So God claims the indisputable privilege and authority to choose and send forth the workmen into his great harvest field to convert the world to him and his cause. However, the Church should not lose sight of the important and suggestive fact that he proposes to use this sublime prerogative in direct answer to her prayers. Perhaps she will never lack for preachers, whether she prays for them to be sent to her or not. The strong probability is that she will always have about as many in the ranks of her ministry as she will be liberal enough to support. But the eminent danger which now threatens her is that the pastors who serve at her altars may not be of God's appointing. And should that come to pass, it will be a sad day in her history. It may come. She is liable to rely too much upon her own resources to supply her needs. She may draw upon her institutions of learning—

her colleges and universities—and forget to appeal to God. A poorly qualified ministry, so far as the wisdom of this world is concerned, which is called of God to the work of preaching the “glorious gospel of the Son of man,” is far preferable to one made up of splendidly endowed and thoroughly educated men who are without the authority and destitute of the necessary equipment of the divine call from heaven. When God wants a man to preach, he lets him know it and opens the way for him to obey it.

So it was with the writer of these chronicles. There was a local preacher whose name was Henry Hutton, that lived in a few miles of his father’s house, who had a great deal to do with his early start in the ministry. He was a devout man, full of the Holy Ghost, and a good preacher. He was the first person that conversed with him on the subject. He encouraged and exhorted him to begin the important work at once. He interposed no objection, but took his advice and went promptly forward. Not long after this conversation the local preacher, having previously notified him of his intention to call on him to offer the concluding prayer at the close of a sermon delivered by him, did so; and he did not refuse, or even hesitate, but

complied as well as he could with his kind request. That first public prayer! Can he forget it? Nay, verily; it will remain with him to his latest day. What painful and yet pleasant sensations of trust, fear, and awe possessed him! What a torrent of tumultuous feeling and uncontrollable excitement swept over him! In that grand moment he completely lost sight of himself and all outward surroundings. And being perfectly oblivious to everything about him, he was conscious alone of God's presence with him. When the prayer was ended, he arose from his knees in an overwhelming ecstasy of joy. From that happy day to this he has been trying to stand faithfully to his post.

Not long after this the Rev. Joseph G. Myers, who was his pastor at the time, gave him written license to exhort, which he used for about two years; then, on the twenty-eighth day of June, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, he was licensed to preach by the Quarterly Conference of the Dickson Circuit, in the Clarksville District. Dr. John W. Hanner was the presiding elder who presided over the Conference; Rev. Joseph Willis was the preacher in charge; and Rev. Lewis Lowe, a local preacher, was the secretary. After he was licensed to preach he continued at school in Charlotte under

the instruction of Profs. E. E. Larkins and Edwin Pascal, both famous teachers. He also attended the Cumberland University, at Lebanon, Tenn., which was at that time one of the best institutions of learning in the South. And while at school he made it a rule never to miss an opportunity to preach, so he was found in the pulpit nearly every Sunday.

NOW from the first he had fully made up his mind to enter the Tennessee Conference at the proper time and become a regular itinerant preacher. But he was unwilling to attempt this without as thorough preparation as he was able to make for it; and having very limited means, he was obliged to work his way along as best he could. He labored on the farm, taught school, and did whatever he could to earn money to fit himself for his life work. He took charge of his first school when he was about sixteen years of age. It was a public school. He got through it very well, as he succeeded in giving general satisfaction to his patrons and making himself fairly popular with the pupils. However, there are one or two incidents or accidents connected with his career as an in-

structor of the young which are worthy of special mention. His first day in the schoolroom was marked with something which was very much like unto a tragic ending. The school was large. A great many little folks were in it, and it was soft, warm, flowery summer time, and unfortunately, as it proved to be, there was a tremendous hornets' nest hanging low down toward the ground upon a swinging limb of a big tree standing not far from the schoolhouse and almost directly in front of it. Seeing this, the teacher, to prevent trouble, cautioned the children about it and told them to keep away from it during playtime, intending to destroy it late in the evening of that day. But before he was aware of what was going on a whole crowd of disobedient and desperately mischievous little urchins had completely surrounded it, and with rocks, sticks, and other suitable missiles had literally riddled it to pieces. This was done much to their sorrow, for it greatly irritated the vicious stingers, and they quickly sallied forth on buzzing wing with murderous intent. Then the hot battle began in good earnest. Immediately every frantic child seemed to have from one to half a dozen furious hornets on it, and they all with one consent commenced wildly leaping, jumping, running, yelling,

howling, and screaming through the woods, madly seeking relief and finding none. It was late in the afternoon, even when the shadows were long upon the ground, before the scattered and tortured forces could be rallied at all. And when finally they were collected together they were found to be badly beaten and terribly bunged up. The next day the school was almost entirely destitute of little scholars.

THERE was residing in that neighborhood an old schoolmaster who was somewhat disappointed and just a little displeased because he had failed to secure the school for himself, so he concluded that it would be a good thing for him and work much to his advantage if he could manage in some way to bring embarrassment and confusion upon the young pedagogue, and, being skillful in figures, he gave him a rather queer problem in mathematics to solve. And he might have been thoroughly successful in his nefarious intention but for a most lucky occurrence that chanced to happen only a short while before, of which he was never informed. Some one had very fortunately given to the young teacher a small arithmetic, compiled

by a Mr. Fowler, which contained a great many puzzles with the solutions to them, and the one which was given to him was among the number, and ran as follows:

“A country clown addressed a charming she,
Where wit and beauty pretty did agree.
The youth, unskilled in numbers,
Desirous was the lady’s age to know;
The answer was made with a majestic air,
And piercing words peculiar to the fair:
‘My age in years, if multiplied by three,
Two-sevenths of that product thribble be,
The extraction of the square root
Of the power nine which is four,
Tell me my age, or never court any more.’”

Having everything needful in his possession, he was enabled in a few hours after he received the test question to return it with the correct answer, and this circumstance established him in the estimation of that community as one of the wise men of the age. Strange that so much may come out of so little!

AFTER struggles and sacrifices, the writer at last found himself in pretty fair condition to join the Conference. And, properly equipped with the Holy Bible, Methodist hymn book, and Wes-

ley's "Notes on the New Testament," clad in a nice suit of clothes befitting a minister, and mounted on an excellent young horse, he went forth joyously as a humble herald of the cross of Christ, preaching salvation to the children of men. He was hopeful and happy in the flattering prospects which spread themselves out upon the unfolding scenes of the future to his enchanted vision, and he has never for one moment nor for any reason regretted the movement.

OCTOBER ten and eighteen inclusive, eighteen hundred and sixty, the Tennessee Conference met in the city of Clarksville, and at that session of the venerable body the writer of these annals was admitted into the traveling connection on trial. The Conference was composed of many great and good men. It was the first one that he had attended. Bishop George F Pierce, of Georgia, was present and presided. Up to that time he had never so much as looked upon an Episcopal dignitary of the Methodist Church. The Bishop was a man of fine personal appearance. He was exceedingly handsome, a magnificent orator, and a great preacher. His sermon on Sunday was

grand beyond expression. It must have been one of the happiest efforts of his life. This writer has heard but few discourses that he considers equal to it. He took for his text the words: "Who verily was foreordained before the foundation of the world, but was manifest in these last times for you, who by him do believe in God, that raised him up from the dead, and gave him glory; that your faith and hope might be in God." (1 Pet. i. 20, 21.) The atonement was his theme, which he presented to his rapt hearers in a most masterly and eloquent manner, both as to its origin and object. It was one of the strongest, clearest, most finished and satisfactory expositions of the vicarious sufferings of the Christ that could possibly be given. And the effect of it upon the vast audience who listened to it was truly magnetic and wonderful.

Simon Peter Whitten was elected secretary of the Conference, to keep a faithful record of the deliberations and doings of the reverent brethren. The session was a long one, lasting nine days, during which time a great deal of business was carefully looked after and attended to. The forenoon of each day was given to the transaction of the regular business matters of the body, and the afternoon was devoted to religious service and cabinet

work. There was a large class received that year on trial. It consisted of twenty-one preachers, and this scribe was one of the number. The class for admission was not called till Monday, the sixth day of the session. During the time there was much anxious apprehension among the applicants lest some of them should be left out, as it was thought doubtful about the Bishop's being able to find places for so many; but they all finally got in, and were assigned to work. The Rev Fountain E. Pitts, one of the most distinguished members of the whole body at that time, on account of his wonderful natural gifts and fine attainments, was the presiding elder of this candidate. He presented his case to the Conference, and recommended his reception by that body. He was one of the best natural orators that his age produced, and he was the only man that this writer has ever known that could do all the work of a Methodist preacher in first-class style. He was a great preacher, fine exhorter, superior in singing, overwhelming in prayer, successful in conducting altar exercises and laboring with mourners, and withal a splendid poet. And of the twenty-one received into the Conference that year six of them were from Brother Pitts's district and were represented by him.

NOW at the closing of the Conference, when the bishop read out the appointments, this young preacher was well pleased to find himself placed on the Asbury Circuit as junior under William Randle in charge. He was a good man, a fair preacher, excellent exhorter, and great revivalist. Asbury was one of the best circuits in the Conference. It was a tolerably large circuit, beginning near Clarksville and extending up the Cumberland River to a distance of about forty miles from the town, containing eighteen or twenty preaching places. And it was what was called in those days a four weeks' circuit, because the preachers were expected to make a complete round upon it in twenty-eight days, thus enabling them to supply the people with the gospel every two weeks. The Rev. Joseph B. West was made presiding elder of the Clarksville District that year; and as his home was situated in the bounds of the Asbury Circuit, the junior preacher spent a great deal of his time at his house, and in this way an intimacy of the very closest, most confidential and pleasant nature sprang up between them, and was never marred nor disturbed to the end of life.

Brother West was an excellent man and a grand gospel preacher. His wife was one of the best and

purest of women. They had a family of bright, interesting children, consisting of three boys and three girls. The most of them died early. This writer was always received with a hearty welcome into their home and treated as kindly by them as if he had been one of their own family. He can never forget the happy days which it was made his good fortune to spend with them through so many years of his ministerial life.

IT was during the year eighteen hundred and sixty-one that the terrible Civil War burst forth with unabating fury and drenched our fair and happy land with fratricidal blood. The country was wild with excitement. The orators were abroad, speaking everywhere, calling for volunteers, and enlisting men for the army. Patriotic blood seemed to be running in floods of fire through Southern veins. The war followed immediately upon the presidential election of eighteen hundred and sixty. There were four candidates in the field that year for presidential honors. On the Abolitionist ticket there were the names of Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin. The popular vote cast for them numbered one million, eight hundred

and sixty-six thousand, four hundred and fifty-two; their electoral vote was one hundred and eighty. The Democratic party was split in twain. The Northern wing of the party placed upon their ticket the names of Stephen A. Douglas and H. V. Johnson; popular vote, one million, three hundred and seventy-five thousand, one hundred and fifty-seven; electoral vote, twelve. The Southern division of Democracy put the names of John C. Breckinridge, who had just served a term as Vice President with James Buchanan as President, and Joseph Lane on their ticket; popular vote, eight hundred and forty-seven thousand, nine hundred and fifty-three; electoral vote, seventy-two. The Whig party nominated on their ticket John Bell and Edward Everett; popular vote, five hundred and ninety thousand, six hundred and thirty-one; electoral vote, thirty-nine. Then there were thirty-three States in the Union, with a population of thirty-one million, one hundred and forty-eight thousand, and forty-eight. The entire vote cast at the polls in that election was larger by at least five hundred thousand than on any previous occasion.

Soon after the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, South Carolina withdrew from the Federal compact. The President at once issued his proclama-

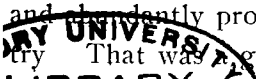
tion, calling on all the States to furnish troops for the purpose of compelling the recalcitrant State to return to her vacated place in the Union. This decided the action and fixed the fate of the South. In rapid succession one State after another seceded from the Union, and proceeded to organize themselves into the Confederate government and to make their preparations for defense. This led to a fearful internecine war, which lasted four years and devastated and desolated the whole country from the Southern gulf to the Northern lakes. At last, however, the North prevailed. After a desperate struggle, the South was overcome and subdued, which resulted in the utter destruction of the institution of slavery, which had been a most fruitful source of strife and dissension in both Church and State from the very foundation of the government up to the time of its abolition. But it cost the North much in blood and treasury to accomplish the undertaking, as will be seen from consulting the following figures: She enlisted into the Federal army during the war two million, seven hundred and seventy-eight thousand, eight hundred and four soldiers, of whom four hundred and ninety-four thousand, nine hundred were foreigners, and four hundred and fifty-five thousand, four hundred

and fourteen were negroes. The Confederates mustered six hundred thousand men into service. The North lost one hundred and thirty thousand men in battle, and the South lost fifty-four thousand—aggregating one hundred and eighty-four thousand, six hundred and four.

Notwithstanding a tremendous excitement prevailed throughout the circuit, the people in general showed no disposition whatever to neglect their duties to God or the Church; but they continued true to the Lord and remained faithfully and devoutly religious under the most trying circumstances. Homes and communities were being decimated and in many instances well-nigh depopulated. Fathers, brothers, and sweethearts were joining the army in multitudes and leaving for the camp and the field of battle. Old and young, one and all, seemed alike eager for the fray. The whole country where this writer was appeared to be fully bent on winning their freedom at all hazards, dangers, and sacrifices. Even the preachers were forsaking their charges, doffing ministerial robes, donning uniforms, and rushing with guns in their hands and knapsacks on their backs into the army. And witnessing all this stir and preparation for war and bloodshed, this preacher began to study the grave

question in the most serious manner. What was he to do? It looked as if all were going, and that sooner or later he would be compelled to follow. So it was he betook himself to prayer, and in this way solved the question. He saw clearly and forcibly that preachers cannot consistently and innocently go into the army as soldiers to fight. Their special work is to preach peace to men and deliver a message of love to them. Then it is all out of harmony with their divine calling to seize upon musket and rifle and go to shooting sinners. So it presented itself to him then, and so it presents itself to him now. But it is all right for them to go as chaplains to the army and proclaim salvation to the soldiers, minister to the sick, and comfort the dying. All that is in perfect keeping with their peculiar work, and comports well with their heavenly vocation.

But so far as he was concerned, he determined to let the war alone and have nothing whatever to do with it. He preached all through the bloody struggle as if he had been in the midst of the brightest days of the profoundest peace; and the Lord took good care of him, constantly blessed him, and abundantly prospered his labors in the ministry. That was a grand year in his life. Despite



the turbulent times and stirring events, he made many friends among the children, young people, and old folks. He was successful in holding protracted meetings. Many sinners were happily converted to God and the Church was greatly blessed through his humble efforts in the pulpit and pastorate.

IN those days Asbury Circuit was somewhat noted for the unusual and marked ability of its local ministry. The Rev. Sterling Brewer, who had once been a member of the Conference, was a man of much and varied learning, an interesting and instructive preacher, a pure-minded, amiable Christian gentleman, a poet of no common ability, and a very popular school-teacher. At that time he had charge of a large and very prosperous school. He was a rather delicate and feeble man.

The Rev. Lewis Lowe, who had been a traveling preacher for some years, a man of captivating powers in the pulpit, with pleasing manners and fine social qualities, well-educated and conversant with the doctrines of the Church, had settled on a farm, was following agricultural pursuits, and doing well. He was a large, healthy, strong, robust man.

The Rev John Nolen, once an itinerant preacher, a remarkable exhorter, full of zeal and revival fire and effective power, was conducting a nice farm with pleasure and profit to himself.

The Rev. Isaac Walton, a man of gentle spirit, pure life, lovely character, full of the Holy Ghost and abundant in good works, for several years a most popular preacher in the Conference, was living in one of the most prosperous communities in the bounds of the work, practicing medicine with eminent success and much satisfaction to the people. He was one of the sweetest singers in all the land, preached more funeral sermons than anybody, and married nearly all of the young folks.

The Rev Allen Brown was the only local preacher among them all who had never belonged to the Annual Conference. He was a man of fair preaching ability, a useful citizen, kind and hospitable in his home, and loved by his neighbors. His son, the Rev. George W Brown, who, after spending some years as an acceptable circuit rider, was forced on account of failing health to retire from active work, was living with his father on the farm.

But perhaps the greatest and most powerful of them all was the Rev. Milton Ramey. He was a man of rare gifts and accomplishments. His ef-

forts in the pulpit were marvelous. They were overwhelmingly sublime, unsurpassed for profoundness of thought, loftiness of expression, and oratorical fervor. After filling some of the most important appointments in the Conference, he voluntarily called for a location, went to farming, trading, and making money.

THE young preacher was not much given to the ordinary popular diversions of the day. He never went on fishing and hunting expeditions under any circumstances, and knew nothing about any games, so he played at none. But he found a great deal of amusement in breaking colts. Indeed, he was so very fond of the somewhat rough and risky sport that he would gladly leave his own horse to graze for days on any man's pasture who would hand over to him an unbroken youngster, not caring how wild and obstreperous he might be. All he desired, asked, or sought was to get him securely bridled and saddled, and to find himself safely mounted on his untamed and untrained back. Now for some time he had had his anxious eye bent upon an unusually large, bulky, awkward, gawky, lazy, sluggish monster. Finally he made

himself successful in pleading with, persuading, coaxing, and worrying the reluctant owner of this equine mammoth to confidently commit him into his power—all ready for a ride. Then it took him an entire day and part of the night to move the sulky charger over a good, broad, smooth country road a distance of fourteen miles from the starting point. And when at last he stopped and put up with a friend to rest for the remaining portion of the night he felt that he had ferociously worked his passage to that place. On his toiling way thither he had violently met with an awful plunge which afforded him a most flattering opportunity for filling a watery grave, which excellent chance he narrowly missed. The case was simply this: On his hard run he had found it necessary to cross the Cumberland River in a ferryboat. But his unconquerable and undaunted steed, having never seen such a vessel before, refused utterly and unconditionally to accept or submit to the strange mode of transportation. At last the impatient and determined rider, with keen whip in hand, ordered the two stout colored gentlemen who had charge of and were working the floating craft, and were holding long, tapering, tough switches in their sable fingers, to assist him in heating that terri-

tory so hot that the defiant beast could by no means remain any longer at ease in it. This course worked like a veritable charm. He suddenly waked up from his stubborn slumber and went thundering into the boat; and if he had only stopped at that, all would have ended well. But alas! that was but the beginning of a *profound* misfortune. Imagine, if you can, the unspeakable and uncontrollable consternation which reigned without a rival in that moment when the thoughtless, maddened, crazy brute went dashing headlong like a wild, crashing bolt of lightning to the other end of the rattling boat and proceeded unceremoniously to jump just as far out into the broad, chilly, muddy stream as his unmeasured strength and wicked recklessness would carry him. Well, what happened then? Why, of course, a cold, cruel, deep ducking, which effectually drowned all the previous fun of the scrape and left both the subdued animals so rashly participating in the daring escapade in a fine, depressed state of spirits. The whole ludicrous affair furnished another sad reminder of the already too familiar fact that

"The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley
And lea'e us naught but grief and pain,
For promised joy."

BUT the trials and troubles of the young theologian did not cease with this cold and shocking calamity, for he soon ran upon another unexpected, exciting, and vexatious adventure of no small dimensions. Thinking it necessary and proper for him to indoctrinate and instruct his people more thoroughly in the customs and holdings of his Church, he bravely undertook to preach to them an exhaustive sermon on the three modes of baptism, in which delightful attempt he felt that he had succeeded in showing up in an extravagant manner the superior liberality of his own denomination over all others in this most vital matter which he had in hand for treatment. But it happened that one of his hearers, who maintained that immersion alone was baptism, and that it ought to be performed only for the remission of sins, unluckily overtook him on the next day as he was riding silently, serenely, and meditatively over a very dry and dusty road which ran for some miles right along close to the bank of that same majestic stream of which he has just been speaking, the rolling Cumberland. On coming together they easily and willingly glided into a discussion of the late sensational discourse, which rushed rapidly along into a stormy controversy, in which loud,

noisy, and abusive words were freely indulged. Both of the fiery combatants soon lost their wits and wisdom; so that blind passion without restraint ruled the hour and the men too. They accused each other in forcible and rough language of dealing largely in false statements. The unsettled issue between them was the simple question as to whether a Methodist minister could be induced under any circumstances whatsoever to baptize a person by immersion. The preacher was warmly affirming and the hearer was hotly denying, and at last he proposed to settle the matter then and there by making a personal and practical test of it, saying: "You declare that you will, but I know you will not. Now I give you a chance to show your hand. I am a sinner. In the language of the eunuch to Philip, 'See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?' " The answer came promptly and quickly: "Nothing. Come on, and we will attend to it." Whereupon, with neither hesitation nor consideration, they dropped from their horses, walked to the water, pulled off their hats, placed their pocketbooks and watches in them, and without another word proceeded to business. Neither of them, however anxious he may have been to do so, could very well have

proposed to the other to recede from his hasty challenge and abandon the questionable transaction, but they were doing some private thinking. The undevout preacher decided in his own mind that if he got the unsuitable candidate under he would see the water bubble before he let him up. His intention was to keep him in the liquid grave about as long as one could safely remain there. But, unfortunately, he was in poor condition to accurately measure time, and his attention was diverted by seeing the man's feet popping up out of the river one after the other in rapid succession, as if he were on a fast run, literally beating the water into white foam. When he turned him loose he swerved, wavered, and staggered, but soon regained his footing, and, lifting his head from the closing waves, he made haste to throw the water from his mouth and nostrils somewhat after the style of a playful young whale out on a sporting spree. But soon the whole scene was changed. Flying rocks were heard whizzing through the hot, sultry air with threatening roar, and the young divine with mighty fear and trembling was going full tilt in his dripping linen, making the grandest retreat of his life, without the least regard for dust and heat. The hearer was clearly convinced that a

Methodist minister might be prevailed upon under peculiar conditions to baptize a man by immersion, and the preacher was more than satisfied that doing so on certain occasions would at least prove to be an extremely dangerous experiment to his bodily safety, official dignity, and cleanliness of clerical cloth. After a long, hazardous, but harmless running engagement the tired-out belligerents mutually concluded to hold a council of war, which easily resulted in a treaty of peace, equally agreeable and honorable to both parties; so they folded forever the crimson battle flag and unfurled the bright banner of professed friendship and formal love.

“Oh, friendship! thou balm and sweet’ner of life!
Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife!”

WHILE on the Asbury Circuit the junior preacher, having been requested to do so, was in the habit of preaching to the colored people in a certain rich community, and for convenience and comfort a large tobacco barn had been fitted up for that purpose. Temporary seats had been improvised, and the altar was abundantly supplied with clean straw. Candles were used for lighting

up the vast building. A nice platform, mounted with a very decent, plain pulpit, was carefully arranged in a suitable place to be occupied by the minister. Now the barn was the property of a wealthy gentleman who was himself the owner of many slaves, and whom we shall call the Squire. Although he was not by profession a religious man, he was a regular attendant upon these meetings and took the deepest interest in them. One Sunday night, after the services were over, as he and the preacher were walking along and talking with each other on their way to his house, he remarked to the preacher: "You are doing no good. You don't know how to preach to these 'niggers;' your sermons are intellectual bores to them." After a long, still, thoughtful pause, the preacher ventured by way of reply to say to him: "Then will you be so kind as to suggest to me how I ought to preach to them?" He quietly responded: "Yes, you should preach to them as Jesus did to the people in his day, in parables and allegories, for if you want to help a 'nigger' and interest him, you must speak plainly—tell him stories and give him illustrations." At once the preacher saw the point, recognized the wisdom of the advice, and instantly decided to adopt it, fully persuaded that he should profit by it.

Before his next appointment, while reading a newspaper, he happily fell upon an incident which afforded him an opportunity for gathering material for the preparation of an appropriate sermon. It contained a graphic description of some people who were exploring the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky. The writer described in an animated way how a young man belonging to the party, becoming interested in some curiosities which attracted his attention, was lost from the rest of the company. They had gone on ahead of him so far that their lights had completely disappeared before he became aware of his condition. Frightened, he started in pursuit of them, hoping soon to overtake them; but he was disappointed in this expectation, and so went toiling on until he came to where the cave forked, and unfortunately he took the wrong prong. After a while his torch burned out, leaving him in rayless gloom to grope his way as best he could. As he struggled on in darkness and terror, finally he came to a precipice, which he discovered just in time to prevent himself from falling over it. Here, weary and exhausted, he dropped down upon the edge of the pit, almost frantic with fear of death, when his companions, who had missed him from their number and were hunting for him, came opportunely

upon him and gladly rescued him from his desolate and desperate plight. When he preached in the barn again he took for his text these familiar words, "Ye are the light of the world" (Matt. v. 14), and, using this story, he vividly pointed out and illustrated the awful condition of the poor sinner, lying helplessly upon the dangerous border of the dark gulf of ruin, listening with dread and alarm to the terrible rush of the cold river of death while its black waves were beating at his feet, not heeding that the blessed Church of God was there with him in all tenderness and love, with the beautiful light of salvation blazing in her kind hand, earnestly striving to lead him back to eternal life, happiness, and heaven. Immediately after he commenced in this strain the negroes began to groan and send up short, vigorous ejaculations of prayer and praise all through the immense congregation. The interest and excitement steadily increased, and when mourners were called the altar was soon filled and crowded with darkies weeping profusely and crying aloud for mercy and pardon. It was not long till rejoicing and shouting became the order of the hour. And as the preacher was looking around over the crowd he discovered with pleasant surprise the Squire, standing by old Uncle Gabe, one

of his own servants and a particular favorite in whom he had unbounded confidence, holding him by the hand and singing with him loudly and lustily "Steal away, steal away to Jesus," which was a very popular song with the colored folks in those days. And when they were singing it they always went through the significant motion of swaying the body as if they were in the act of slipping off, and so did the master on this most gracious occasion with his own slave whom he loved and trusted as a brother in Christ Jesus. And whether he was really converted that night or not, he was evidently just as happy as any one in the meeting.

THE Conference met in the pleasant and cultivated little city of Athens, Ala., that being a part of its territory at the time, on the second of October, eighteen hundred and sixty-one, and closed its session on the eighth day afterwards. Bishop John Early, of Virginia, was present and presided over the deliberations of the body, and Rev Simon Peter Whitten was chosen by them to be their secretary. The Bishop was a very impressive and striking man in personal appearance. When one saw him he was not likely to forget it

soon. He was a very venerable-looking gentleman, about six feet in height, well-proportioned, expressive gray eyes, hair white as wool, red face, clean-shaved. You could plainly see firmness and decision in every feature and in every movement of the man. He had the bearing of a proud, stubborn, haughty person, and yet with all that he really possessed a kind heart and an accommodating nature. In the chair he gave general satisfaction to the Conference, but no one was heard complimenting him much for his pulpit performance on Sunday. The conclusion seemed to be among most of them that he was rather a plain preacher for the episcopacy—not very flowery nor eloquent. In his cabinet work he displeased many. He made numerous changes, and scattered the preachers around in lively style. The whole country was in an unsettled and unhappy condition. The North and South were engaged in a most bloody war with each other. Already several great battles had been fought. At that time the advantage was clearly with the Southern people, and they were wild with excitement. Many of the preachers were in the army—some as chaplains, but most of them as soldiers. In the midst of all the turbulency and agitation abroad in the land, the Conference went on

pretty smoothly with its business from start to finish.

The young preacher from the Asbury Circuit was deeply concerned about all of the proceedings of the body. He was before the committee appointed to examine his class, and was passed. The examination was thorough, close, and rigid, but he liked it the better on that account. This was his first Conference since his admission on trial into it. He took the profoundest interest in all the business transactions of the body. He listened with undivided attention to the discussions and debates among the brethren on the different questions which came up before them for their consideration and action. During the session he made the acquaintance of many of the brethren. And right there and then he began to learn and appreciate that tender sympathy and warm affection which Methodist preachers always have for one another and which has been such a precious blessing to his life and comfort to his heart ever since. They are a true, noble, self-sacrificing band of pure, good men. They are devoted to each other, and Conference is to them like a big family reunion. They have toiled hard through many privations, trials, sufferings, and sorrows for a whole year, and now they have

come together in their great annual meeting to spend a week or more in each other's company. Now let care depart for a while from their weary minds and rest come to their tired, drooping spirits. And permit them for a few days to converse and commune with one another in a free, frank, friendly way about the achievements, afflictions, toils, and trials of the past year, and do not grudge them the social pleasure and religious joy which may come to them in these gracious experiences. They will also at such times compare notes, discuss plans and methods, form resolutions, make promises and pledges to pray for and assist one another to be better and become more useful men in the ministry. Then that the preachers should come to look upon Conference as a grand social and spiritual festival ought not to be a matter of much wonder.

And if this scribe mistake not, the Conference at this session elected delegates to the General Conference. He now witnessed this peculiar ecclesiastical proceeding for the first time, and it made an indelible impression upon his mind. To see men voting for others by ballot to represent them in a great legislative, or law-making, body, and that without any candidate's name being placed before

the house for the high honor, made him feel that it was, to say the least of it, a most appropriate way of performing a very sacred and solemn service for the Church. And at this same session of the Conference he observed another suggestive custom which they seemed to follow with unswerving faithfulness—he noticed that when a brother's name was called out from the roll by the bishop they went into a formal examination of his character. In connection with his name the bishop asked the twofold question: "Is he blameless in conduct and official administration?" In answer to this inquiry some brother, usually his presiding elder, answered, "There is nothing against him;" and then his character was passed by the vote of the body. But if complaints or charges were made or presented against him the Conference took the necessary steps at once to investigate the matter by arresting his character and putting him on trial; and at that time all trials were conducted in open Conference, and not before committees as now. The fact that they were so strict in their dealings with their members and those who were seeking to become such presented itself in a very favorable light to his attention. Witnessing all this enabled him to properly appreciate and fully estimate both the

precious privilege and exalted honor of belonging to an organization of such pure, conscientious, good men. He also felt a painful sense of his unworthiness to have a place among them; and, recognizing his utter incompetency to live up to the demands and obligations of his high and holy calling in his own strength and power, he began afresh to pray in deep humility of spirit to his Father in heaven to bless and sanctify him and keep him blameless to the end of his ministerial life.

And so it is that when a Methodist minister goes forth to the work to which the bishop has appointed him he carries along with him the full indorsement of his entire Conference, which commends him to the confidence and acceptance of the whole Church and everybody else in the world as well. What a rare recommendation and peculiar trust for anybody to have and enjoy! And so far as he knows it is confined to Methodism, and found nowhere else. He admires the unique custom, and willingly submits himself to it.

NOW at the close of the Conference, when the bishop read out the appointments, a little incident took place which gave him sharp anxiety for a few moments. It was this: His name was not

read out in connection with any charge. This occurrence made him think that he was left out, and his distress was almost fatal to him. And some brethren who were sitting near him, perceiving his terrible agony, asked him what was the matter, and on learning from him the cause of his bitterness of soul, attempted to comfort him by assuring him that such could not be the case. And Dr. F. S. Petway, one of the presiding elders, kindly went to the bishop about the matter, and soon returned with the welcome tidings that his name had been unintentionally overlooked, and that he was assigned to the Montgomery Circuit as junior preacher, with Rev. J. B. Anderson as preacher in charge. What a delightful deliverance that precious piece of information brought to him! He has always felt that it may have saved him from immediate suffocation. The shock to him was so fearful that he has never been able to fully recover himself from its demoralizing effects. He has never attended a session of the Conference since that he was not afraid that he might be dropped and left without an appointment. Perhaps one reason why this accident so mightily affected him was the fact that he was a little uneasy and apprehensive anyway for fear that the Conference had, through some source

unknown to him, learned something of his unlawful and desperately daring act which he had committed in baptizing the man, an account of which he has already given in another part of these annals.

THE Montgomery Circuit, to which he was sent, was just below Clarksville, only a short distance from the Asbury Circuit, which he had traveled the year before. He went straight from Conference to his work, a custom which he has closely followed ever since. The Rev. Joseph B. West was continued on the Clarksville District and was still his presiding elder, which was to his greatest liking. He continued his frequent visits to his house. They loved each other faithfully, tenderly, and devotedly. He found the Rev. Jerome B. Anderson, the preacher who was placed in charge of the circuit, to be a very learned man, an extraordinarily able minister of the gospel, and one of the purest and most devout Christian gentlemen that he has ever known. He soon learned to love him much and to trust him implicitly. They worked in perfect peace and harmony with each other, and remained close friends ever afterwards. The Montgomery Circuit offered a large and la-

barious field for the two itinerants. It was about seventy-five or eighty miles in length and about thirty-five or forty miles in width. Within its bounds there were twenty-eight preaching places, so it kept the two preachers busily engaged to supply the people with the gospel every two weeks, each one making a complete round on the work every four weeks. The people were kind, good, intelligent, well-to-do, and fond of going to church. So we had a fine year, all things considered. The country was very much disturbed on account of the Civil War, which was going on, and the western end of the circuit lay in close proximity to Fort Donelson, and the entire work was exposed to the operations and occupancy of both armies. The junior preacher went forward by the order of the senior, and made the first round on the work. The experience which he had acquired the year before was of incalculable benefit to him in his new field of labor. He visited among the people, prayed constantly, studied hard, grew steadily in grace and knowledge, and made some progress in the accomplishment of good in the charge. He went to Bethel to fill his first appointment at that place, which was situated in the midst of a wealthy community only a few miles from Clarksville, and when he reached the

church, which was a good brick building, he was informed of the fact that there would be no service there that day, on account of a funeral which was to be held in the community over the remains of a young soldier who had accidentally shot himself in attempting to mount his horse. He had joined Col. Woodward's cavalry command just a few days before, and was starting to leave his home to report himself ready for duty. It was a shocking affair and filled the neighborhood with grief. And as he could not preach at his own appointment, he attended the sad funeral service, which was conducted at the young man's father's house. War was raging all over the country, leaving nothing but wreck and ruin, devastation and death, suffering and trouble in its fiery and bloody track. But notwithstanding all this affliction and misfortune the people displayed a ready disposition to attend church and manifested a strong desire to worship God. True there were not many young and able-bodied men to be seen in the religious assemblies, as they were nearly all off in the army, but the old men, women, and children came in large crowds. Their poverty and distress seemed to drive them closer to God and duty.

During the year—that is, the Conference year,

which means from one session of the body to the next, and the Tennessee Conference nearly always meets in the month of October—the old Montgomery Circuit was blessed with glorious revivals all through its extensive bounds. The Lord was present everywhere, and all the while to heal and to save, to kill and to make alive. Saints in large numbers were refreshed and sanctified, and sinners in multitudes were convicted and converted. And then remember that these most marvelous demonstrations of divine favor transpired right in the threatening presence of two tremendous armies opposing each other in the fatal fire and fierce flame of battle. Often while listening to the sermon the congregation could hear the roll of the drum and the shrill whistle of the fife and see the troops on the march. On the sixth of February, eighteen hundred and sixty-two, Fort Henry fell under the heavy bombardment from Commodore Foote's fleet; and on the sixteenth day of the same month Fort Donelson, after a heroic and desperate struggle between both the land and naval forces, surrendered into the hands of the enemy, with thirteen thousand prisoners. However, many of the Confederate soldiers refused to be delivered into the power of the Federal authorities, and made their

escape from the fort and battlefield after the fighting ceased, and others could have followed their example if they had chosen to do so. Nearly the whole Southern army could have marched away in good order if they had only resolved to do it. After these things there were gloomy times in Tennessee. The old Volunteer State was completely in the possession and at the mercy of the Northern armies. They had established permanent military posts at Fort Donelson, Clarksville, Nashville, and other places. But in the midst of this awful gloom, which hung in heavy, dense, impenetrable clouds all over that section of the country, and despite the consternation and amazement which reigned throughout it, the clear, unsullied light of life and salvation streamed forth in bright, beautiful, hopeful radiance from the cross of Christ and flooded everybody and everything with the fadeless splendor of heaven.

BROTHER ANDERSON and his assistant, having pledged themselves to it, went right on preaching the everlasting gospel of the Son of Man as if unbroken peace were reigning everywhere, without the disturbing intimations of wars

and rumors of wars anywhere, and the people gladly rallied to them—yea, truly they came “to the help of Jehovah against the mighty.” (Judges v. 23.) And, as may always be confidently expected when the ministry and membership of the Church consecrate themselves fully for their sacred mission among men, the work of the Lord prospered without impediment or hindrance. So it was in this particular instance, and it would have been strange beyond conception and overwhelmingly marvelous if it had turned out otherwise. As it was, sinners were obliged to be deeply and pun- gently convicted of their sins and powerfully and thoroughly saved from them. At these meetings things which were most miraculous occasionally occurred. Protracted services had been going on at one of the churches on the circuit for several days and nights. The Church was very much re- vived, and also there was a mighty awakening among the irreligious of all classes. A great many had already been saved from their sins, and there were large numbers of others who were still com- ing to the altar and seeking for pardon. Now there was a good, plain, simple-hearted woman that was constantly present at all these exercises. Perhaps she did not miss a single service from first

to last. She was a member of the society which worshiped at that place, and was an earnest, devout, humble, consecrated, Christian woman. But at the same time she was entirely illiterate, not even knowing the letters of the English alphabet. Yet she was a person of tolerably good mind and of ordinary intelligence. Everybody that knew her had the utmost confidence in her piety. No one acquainted with her could on anything like reasonable grounds for a moment question the genuineness of her religion. She came as nearly living fully up to her profession of saving faith in Christ all the while as it is possible for any frail, imperfect, erring child of mortality to do in this life of temptation, trial, toil, and trouble. Her neighbors believed implicitly in her sincerity, honesty, and truthfulness in all things. She was a faithful, affectionate wife, a tender, fond, devoted mother. Her husband was, generally speaking, a nice, clever, intelligent, cultivated gentleman, but intensely skeptical, irreligious, and wicked. He was violently and uncompromisingly opposed to his wife's religious life. Long and persistently he had striven to turn her away from her devotion to the Saviour and the service of the Church. But she had quietly and resolutely made up her mind to die rather

than deny her Lord or desert his cause. He was especially anxious that she should not attend this meeting, and had earnestly endeavored to keep her away from it. Now when he saw that she continued to come against his expressed wishes and strong dissuasions, he most positively forbade her leaving home any more for that purpose, and he backed his unjust and cruel order with a terrible threat. But as the day wore away and darkness came on she determined to risk all and go any way, and she did. That night we had a great time. The Lord was among us in the fullness of his majesty, grace, and glory. The woman was a little late in getting in, but she was there in time to get a wonderful blessing. It was manifest to all present that she was unspeakably happy. She prayed unceasingly with great fervor and earnestness for her husband. Finally, in the midst of the sermon, she burst out praising God aloud. Her face was excessively bright and wreathed with smiles of spiritual and heavenly gladness. She sprang up, clapping her hands and shouting for joy. At last she closed her eyes and passed into a perfect transport of religious rapture. Then she sank slowly and softly to the floor, and fell away into the sweet visions of a divine swoon. In this

condition she seemed unconscious and completely oblivious to everything about her, and she remained in that apparently strange and abnormal condition all night. A great many people continued with her, and the writer was among the number. She was not removed nor disturbed while the supernatural trance into the ecstasies of which she had been permitted to enter lasted. Her husband was informed of her peculiar condition, and came to the church, which was not a great distance from his house. Her countenance was very variable but uniformly expressive. She was cold all the time, with quick changes of complexion, now very pale and then immediately afterwards a fiery crimson hue suffused her. At times her face was radiant and pleasant to look upon, but at other times it was dark, scowling, and painful to behold. So passed the livelong night with her. By ten o'clock the next morning a large congregation of people had collected at the church and about it, for it was impossible for them all to get into the house, which was itself unusually capacious as a place for country folks to worship. And about that same hour she awoke from her extraordinary experiences and scenes and began to try to talk. In the beginning she spoke in a whisper, rather feeble in voice but

quite distinct. But as she advanced her voice increased steadily and rapidly in strength, volume, and melody, until it held spellbound every hearer as with a transcendental fascination. With shuddering and shrinking she spoke of the horrors of lost souls in the dark and doleful regions of the damned, upon which she positively declared she had looked. Then with wonderful fluency of speech and elegance of diction she told of the unspeakable pleasures and endless delights of the redeemed and saved in the sublime heights of heaven and of glory, which she confidently claimed to have witnessed. If she had been a fine classical and thorough biblical scholar, she could not have given a more accurate account or grander description of Tartarus with its dismal woe for the sinner and paradise with its exhaustless weal for the saint than she gave on that hot, sultry summer morning. Her thought was splendid and her language beautiful. There was no preaching done that day besides what she did. No need was there for any other. The vast assembly present was moved to tears and shouts. When she ceased to speak, mourners were called, and they came in full numbers. They seemed simultaneously to make a rush for the altar, and among them prominently was her husband. None was

more deeply affected than he. And soon he was most signally and triumphantly converted to the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. From that time onward he was found with his wife praising God and working for the salvation of sinners. What a mighty and mysterious change in the man! It can be accounted for in only one way—the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit alone could have brought it about. Just a little while ago so unclean in mind and wicked in heart, but now

“His pure thoughts are borne
Like fumes of sacred incense o’er the clouds,
And wafted thence on angels’ wings, through ways
Of light, to the bright Source of all.”

BUT while all this good was going on at that church, Satan was also there putting in his work of unrighteousness, and his unbounded influence for evil was felt by unholy men and displayed in their atrocious deeds. Some there are who think that prince of wickedness is ever present where good is sought to be accomplished, to oppose it. And something of this kind seems to have been the dominant idea in the mind of the author of the book of Job when he said: “Now it came to

pass on the day when the sons of God came to present themselves before Jehovah that Satan also came among them." (Job i. 6.) This saying seems to be as reliable now as it was in the days of that grand old patriarch. But whether it be a true or a false notion that the devil is to be held responsible in a large or little measure, either directly or indirectly, for all the sins that men commit or even any of them, sure it is that some men do perpetrate terrible crimes against God and their fellows which it would be far preferable, if it could be, to ascribe to the malice of a demon rather than be forced to attribute them to the deep depravity of humanity. And it may be true, at last, that men are, by some dark, unknown method of diabolical enchantment, incited, stimulated, and induced to put forth their powers in the performance of bad and desperate deeds. Who has been able yet, through all the years of the long past, to show convincingly to the contrary? Surely, if such a thing can be done, this chief source and head champion of all wickedness managed to instill it into the hearts of two men, one of whom was in attendance upon the services of this meeting, to plan and execute one of the most shocking and sickening crimes that has ever been recorded against

fallen man. They were both living in close proximity to the church, and right in the immediate presence of these happy meetings they conceived horrible murder in their cruel hearts and wrought it out with their bloody hands. Late one afternoon a couple of gentlemen, strangers in that settlement, in a topless buggy and driving a fine iron-gray mule, stopped at a place and called for a bottle of whisky, in paying for which they displayed a large roll of money. They also talked very freely and in a boisterous way about their cash, which made the impression upon the minds of those who were present and heard and saw these things that these travelers had plenty of coin in their possession. So two of the bystanders entered into a conspiracy to murder these unwary men, who spent the night in the community, thus rendering it easy for them to carry out their wicked plot. They concealed themselves sometime during the night in a dense thicket of briars and bushes close to the side of the road to wait and watch for their opportunity. Early in the morning, just as the rising sun was flooding the earth with the heavenly splendors of a bright and lovely day, their unsuspecting victims, in the full enjoyment of happy life, drove right to the fatal spot and were suddenly shot to death and

robbed by these heartless desperadoes. The horrified neighbors met together and buried their mangled bodies near the gloomy place where they were so brutally killed, but afterwards their friends and relatives came and took up their remains and carried them away to their distant homes. At that time all civil law was suspended, and there was none but military law in force. The Federal authorities sent out a squad of soldiers, who came and arrested the criminals and carried them off, but soon released them without inflicting punishment upon them for the nefarious, cowardly, and dastardly deed which they had committed openly against God and man and in defiance of all law, human and divine.

“Blood, though it sleeps a time, yet never dies;
The gods on murd’ers fix revengeful eyes.”

LATE in the summer the preachers concluded to take a week or two to rest themselves up in, and they agreed to meet and hold a protracted meeting at a certain church on the circuit. On Friday evening before the meeting was to begin they reached the neighborhood. The young preacher, learning that the senior had gone on ahead of him, and that he was lodged at a house

well known to both of them for its cleverness, hospitality, and comfort, for they were in the habit of putting up there, decided to have a little fun at his associate's expense; and he knew that this would be easily worked, as there was a trustworthy rumor abroad in the disturbed community that the Federal troops were camping close by and likely at any moment to make a raid through that part of the country. Now the senior had been talking something about boarding behind the butt end of a musket if special things which he did not fancy were kept up; he had also loudly hinted at times that he might raise a company of recruits in the circuit and lead them in the Confederate service if some annoyances which were forced upon him were not stopped. In view of these matters, the junior had some curiosity to test his courage and bravery, and he considered that an opportune time was now at hand to do it, such as might not occur again. So he stopped on the way, took supper with a friend, and tarried with him until after dark; then rode up to the gate in front of the house where the senior was quietly and pleasantly situated, chatting away at a free and lively rate with the good family, and hallooed aloud, which soon arrested attention and brought the landlord to the door to answer the call,

and just as he appeared the junior, changing his voice and affecting the rôle of an officer in the army, commanded his soldiers to surround the house so that no one could escape, and then inquired in an authoritative manner whether a man by the name of —— (calling the senior's name) was there or not, which frightened him, and he immediately gave the alarm to those within that the Yankees were there after the preacher. This was notice enough for him, and forthwith he took a hasty departure, not even stopping to bid the family farewell, but dashed headlong out at the back door and rushed in the darkness through the back yard to seek safety in some secluded and secure retreat. At this trying juncture the junior made himself known, and order and quietude were at last restored, and the young preacher had abundant cause to regret his rashness and folly, as he received vastly more than a mere gentle reminder from all concerned of the open fact that it was no time nor occasion for the thoughtless indulgence of any such wicked and dangerous foolishness. He had not the slightest disposition to repeat the efficient test, as he felt pretty well satisfied about the valor and daring of the senior, which had been strikingly exemplified on that very occasion.

THE junior did not succeed in his pulpit efforts to the entire satisfaction of all in his congregations. For instance, there was at one of the churches on the circuit a large, corpulent lady about fifty years of age who was fond of long sermons; while his discourses, even the most lengthy of them, only required about twenty minutes in their delivery. On a certain occasion, when he had filled an appointment at that place, this fat and jolly old sister came briskly forward and told him curtly, flatly, and frankly that he had better pull up and go home to his mother, and by way of encouraging him to act at once upon her bold advice she said to him: "You can't never make a preacher in a thousand years, because you haven't got sense enough." Then she continued in a loud, sharp, impatient tone of voice to reprimand him more severely for his deplorable incompetency for making a preacher of himself, and finally closed by saying: "Why, after I come all the way from home over here to hear you preach, long before I can begin to get rested you are done, because you don't know anything to say that's worth listening to no how." The church was about one mile from her house. Now this rather rough and depreciatory tirade of rebuke naturally put a bit of mischief into the

young preacher's head, so he determined to get even with that plain, pious, self-confidential mother in Israel, if he possibly could do it, for her preferred cruel kindness. But to accomplish his design he was obliged to call in help outside his own resources, and he was not long in maturing his purposes and arranging his plans for wreaking vengeance upon her. There lived in that community a brother who had sound lungs and a strong voice and who had a great admiration for his singing powers. True, he was not much in demand for that sort of work, but still he was always more than willing to do his best, and so his services were soon engaged. He agreed to meet the junior on his next regular day at that place, and, after singing two or three songs of his own selection as a voluntary contribution to the music, he was to sing before the first prayer

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee,"

which contains exactly forty-eight lines, and after the prayer he was to sing

"And let our bodies part,
To diff'rent climes repair,"

which is of equal length with the first hymn; then at the close of the sermon he was to sing

"Servant of God, well done!

Rest from thy loved employ,"

which, like the other two, has forty-eight lines. The junior was to read for his first lesson the one hundred and nineteenth psalm, which consists of one hundred and seventy-six verses; and for his second lesson he was to use the first chapter of St. Luke's gospel, which has eighty verses in it. His intention was, after these things to pray a very long prayer, and then to harangue for about one hour and a half from various texts of Scripture which he had selected to be employed just as he had need of them. He attempted to carry the programme out, and all worked very well until he came to the preaching, and as he announced his first Scripture as a text every thought seemed suddenly to fade from his mind, and no word of utterance could be coaxed to his tongue. He was for the time being both perfectly blank and completely dumb—not a syllable did he speak, nor a sound did he make further than to read the text several times over in a slow, hesitating, doubtful way. He came out of the sacred desk that day in much confusion of mind and profound humility of soul, and feeling very nearly convinced from his own painful experience that the old woman's poor opinion of

his meager and mean abilities was about to be proven dangerously near the truth by his own miserable performance.

BUT at last the year, with its joys and sorrows, its toils and triumphs, was rapidly winding to a close, and the time was fast approaching for the preachers to take their leave of the people for Conference, which they did with real reluctance, for they felt that they were tearing themselves away from many true and devoted friends. They had had a most pleasant and very prosperous year, but the coming hour of departure was peculiarly painful to the young preacher for the particular reason that he had formed the acquaintance of a young lady living within the limits of the work to whom he was very tenderly attached. He providentially met with her for the first time in life on the nineteenth day of July, eighteen hundred and sixty-two, on horseback in the road about two o'clock in the afternoon. She and her younger sister were riding out for pleasure. He was introduced to them by their father. She was a perfect brunette, tolerably tall, rather slender, very erect, with black,

glossy hair, dark, radiant, soft, confiding eyes, rosy cheeks, lit up with a happy smile of innocence and purity, and a small mouth with calm, ruddy lips, closing bewitchingly over a full set of smooth, regular, beautiful teeth as white as ivory. That afternoon she presented a superb scene. She was dressed in a full black riding habit, with a little black velvet cap adorned with an elegant white plume on her head, and mounted upon a splendid, large, roan horse. The lovely picture could never fade from the young preacher's fascinated and captivated heart.

"Love, thou hast every bliss in store—
'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more;
Each other every wish they give—
Not to know love is not to live."

ON the fifteenth of October, eighteen hundred and sixty-two, the Tennessee Conference came together at Cornersville, a splendid little town in Marshall County, not far from the point where some fine and fertile counties connect, whence it gets its suggestive name, and disbanded on the twentieth day of the same month. This was a short session of the body. The unhappy Civ-

il War was now in full blast, with all its fury, and pouring its vast horrors upon the distressed and defenseless people. The bishop appointed to hold the Conference found it impossible for him to get there, so the brethren elected John B. McFerrin, D.D., one of their most distinguished and most popular members, as chairman to preside over it, which he did, giving perfect satisfaction to all, both in the chair and in the cabinet. The writer, in company with the Rev. Joseph B. West, his presiding elder, made the entire trip from Clarksville to the seat of the Conference on horseback. But the journey of more than one hundred miles was made pleasantly and in good time, as they were both mounted on excellent saddle animals. They took their time and stopped often on the way with friends, who gladly entertained them and gave them much comfort and cheer. The Conference was a little thin in its attendance, so many of the preachers were in the army; but still the session was a very entertaining and instructive one, especially to the young preacher from the Montgomery Circuit. He was deeply interested in all of its proceedings. He was before the committee appointed to examine the class of the second year, was passed by them, elected to deacon's orders,

and admitted into full connection in the Conference. But as there was no bishop present, he could not be ordained during the session of the Conference. However, he was ordained by Bishop Joshua Soule on the fifth day of July, eighteen hundred and sixty-four, there being present at the time no one except the Rev. William M. Green, who had gone with him for that purpose. The bishop was very old and quite feeble, but he managed to get through with the sacred ceremony, in an impressive manner, which was performed in his own house, and at the end of it he said in a solemn and dignified tone of voice to the newly constituted deacon: "Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." (Rev. iii. 11.) He is still trying to obey the divine injunction.

WHEN the appointments were announced, he was read out on the Centerville Circuit as preacher in charge. This was an important change in his itinerant life. Hitherto he had been placed under the care and guidance of an older and more experienced minister, but now he was intrusted with the management of a charge, and made responsible for the results of the same. He went on

to his work as soon as he was able to reach it. He found it a fine field of labor; the people were kind, clever, and as hospitable as they could be. He remained with them an entire year. His ministry was successful and satisfactory; he had glorious revivals all round the circuit. The Churches were baptized with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and many souls were happily converted to God. But that whole section of the country was completely torn up by the war, which was raging there with all its fury and violence. Business of every sort was suspended. The people could not even farm with any assurance of being allowed to reap the benefit of the toil of their hands. Guerrilla parties, holding connection with neither army, were continually passing through the country, committing all sorts of depredations, even destroying the lives of the people as well as depriving them of all that they possessed in the way of this world's goods. They had so reduced the citizens that they were scarcely able to live at all, and these general misfortunes of course brought the preacher into straitened circumstances, and so he found it necessary, in order that he might procure a bare living, to supplement his salary by teaching a school, which he succeeded in making up within the limits of his work. Now

at the end of that year the Conference could not come together in its annual meeting, but the presiding elder, Rev. Simon Peter Whitten, called the preachers together at a convenient point in the district in the month of October, eighteen hundred and sixty-three, and reappointed them to their work for another year; and this scribe remained in charge of the Centerville Circuit, in obedience to that arrangement, until he was fully convinced that he could do no good for himself or others by continuing longer in that relation. He then determined to sever his connection with the charge as its pastor, and, soon after forming this resolution, he returned to Clarksville and settled once more among his old friends. He made up a school in the country adjacent to that city, and while engaged in teaching did not fail to preach every Sunday somewhere. And in the month of October, eighteen hundred and sixty-four, as the Annual Conference was still unable to meet in its regular session, the Rev. Joseph B. West, presiding elder of the district, in stationing his own preachers also took authority over the writer, and placed him in charge of the New Providence Station; and he at once abandoned teaching, that he might give himself up wholly to preaching. During that year he con-

ducted a great revival, in which much good was accomplished and many people were saved from their sins and added to the Church.

BUT during these three eventful years some amusing and alarming incidents occurred in the changing and stirring life of the preacher. While on the Centerville Circuit, as already indicated, the community in which he lived was the scene of constant disturbance, bloodshed, and uncontrollable excitement. Marauding bands, belonging to neither of the great armies, were making frequent raids through the country, murdering the innocent people and robbing them of what they had to live on, which made things conspicuously unsafe and constantly unpleasant. But occasionally detachments from the regular army were sent out to relieve the citizens of these distressing depredations. There came a commission of this sort to Centerville, which was the capital of Hickman County, and the preacher happened just at that time to be stopping in the town with a particular friend, and so became exposed to the invasion. He saw the Federal troops when they dashed up and opened fire on some of these bloody desper-

does who chanced to be there on mischief fatally bent. And seeing some of them shot down, he, not knowing where the thing would be likely to stop, hastily concluded that he had better right away seek safer and more quiet quarters if he ever expected to find them. And with no parley about the matter he ran down to the barn, where his horse was nicely ensconced in a comfortable stall feasting himself on delicious hay, hurriedly bridled him, but did not have time to put the saddle on him; and so he mounted him on his bare back and began a terrible retreat in regular John Gilpin style. Now there was but one way for him to pass out of his difficulties without coming into contact with the soldiers, and that was down a steep, rough, rocky hill, and directly across Duck River, which more than half girdled the town with its flowing stream of muddy waters. So he dashed off at breakneck speed, without the least regard to rocks, stumps, gullies, ditches, hills, or rivers, and never even checked up until he had put at least two long miles between himself and the enemy. After making a most risky and perilous run, he began to think seriously about closing the panicky stampede, so he commenced reining his flying steed down until at last he stood still, panting, puffing, and blowing, at the

gate in front of a friend's house. At a hearty invitation from the greatly surprised and bewildered landlord, he summarily dismounted and went in for a happy relief and some much-needed rest. Did he have the road clear and all to himself, or was he pursued? Well, a few men followed him and took several random cracks from their guns at him as he was doing his best to obliterate space, which made him feel like the whole of the United States army was after him with the set determination of running him down and catching him at all hazards and costs. True, he was complimented for his skill and daring in making such a desperate flight against the unfavorable conditions. But with all that he was in a considerably demoralized fix. Perhaps it would have been better for him if he had stood his ground, facing the supposed trouble, rather than fleeing from it in such thoughtless and precipitant confusion, but he felt that

"In all the trade of war no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat,"

BUT before leaving that country it seemed as if he were doomed by inexorable fate to meet with another grievous mishap, which gave him a good deal of anxious and sorrowful solicitude

at the time of its happening. Everything about there got to be very scarce in the way of supplies—provisions were running low, and clothing appeared to be giving entirely out, and while he could still manage to get enough plain, rough diet to live on, he was almost destitute of wearing apparel. How to get his wardrobe replenished drove him to his wits' end. But finally, in the midst of his dire extremity, the good women of his charge, whose inventive genius and constructive resources in such affairs have ever proven to be exhaustless, came together and put their heads to work on the puzzling problem, and soon solved it. They made him a nice, decent suit of clothes from goods which they had carded, spun, and woven from the cotton and wool with their own generous, busy hands. The cloth was heavy, smooth, strong, durable, and comfortable. They dyed the jeans for his coat, vest, and pants a bright, beautiful black, and they made the cuffs and collars to his shirts much after the primitive fashion of his early childhood days—they and the garments to which they belonged were fastened inseparably together, which, by the way, is not an objectionable plan. But how to get shoes and hat was a vexing question. However, that was soon settled satisfactorily. He and another

gentleman, who was in sore need of these things as well as himself, went in cahoot with each other, killed a worthless dog, had his hide tanned, took the skirts from their saddles, and had some pretty fair shoes made of them. They then bought up all the raccoon skins in the neighborhood, bound them in bundles, each one taking his own package, fastening it securely behind him on his horse, and started off in a hilarious mood to the house of the hat maker, who lived across the country on Beaver Dam Creek. They were a comical-looking couple as they went riding along the road chatting carelessly together, but before they reached their destination they had the bad luck to run up on a small squad of Yankee soldiers coming directly on meeting them. This put a sudden and unexpected termination to their journey toward that end of the road. They went no farther in that direction, but, whirling their horses quickly around, they took themselves to heedless flight. They went splitting through the woods at headlong speed. It never entered their minds in this race from start to finish to look after or take care of the bundles, and when order was at last restored and quiet reigned again they found that they had scattered raccoon skins all along the devious and dangerous

line of their marvelous and most successful skeddaddle. They could never tell how far the Yankees pursued them, how often they shot at them, nor how nearly they came hitting them, but they always thought of it as a terrible chase for life and death.

The good women, as far as they could, compensated him for his irreparable loss and sad disappointment by making and presenting to him a cap, constructed of brown jeans with comfortable ear protectors, and an ample bill to shade his face and eyes; and, while heartily appreciating their kindness, he could not resist the full conviction that a homemade cap can hardly equal a Stetson hat for looks at least.

During his stay on the Centerville Circuit President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, freeing all the negroes in the United States of North America, which was issued by him one hundred days before, on the twenty-second day of September, eighteen hundred and sixty-two, went into effect on the first day of January, eighteen hundred and sixty-three. That was one of the darkest days that ever dawned upon the Southland, and its results were dreadful. A very wealthy man whom this writer knew well, who had vast possessions of

lands, supplied with furnaces and forges, and was the owner of many slaves to cultivate and run them, walked straight into his parlor, took a bottle of laudanum, drank of it freely, and died. The whole country was plunged into poverty, want, suffering, and profoundest grief.

WHILE filling the pulpit in New Providence Station he unwittingly ran upon a wicked snare which came within an ace of costing him his life. The times were perilous, everywhere thickly set with dangers. The Federal forces were garrisoned in the town, and had been since the fall of Fort Donelson. One afternoon he started to walk from his boarding house over into Clarksville, which was about two miles away. So he moved off with a light step and heart lithe and gay, not dreaming of anything like trouble. But in making the trip he was obliged to pass through a long bridge which had been built across Red River, a stream flowing between the two towns, and which was closely planked up on each side and securely covered overhead. Now in approaching this bridge he had to walk along upon the right-hand side of a steep hill, while just across a deep hollow to his left arose another high hill, and on the slope of it

stood a soldier by an old stump with his rifle up to his shoulder ready to shoot. He made a shrill, whistling noise to attract attention, and when the preacher saw him in the act of firing on him, he pressed briskly onward, and at the crack of the gun he saw the red flash of flame and the little whiff of blue smoke as it curled up in the air; then, staggering across the pike, he fell heavily upon the side of the road. He felt a dull, painful sensation pass over him as if he were shot through the body. And just at that time there chanced to be a friend of his coming through the bridge with a couple of horses and a wagon, who came on speedily to his relief, asking him if he were hurt, to which inquiry the prostrate preacher replied: "Yes, I am shot through the chest." He had already attempted to get up several times, but had fallen back as often as he tried it. But after a close, careful, and thorough examination his friend said, laughing at him: "Why, you are mistaken. You are not hit at all; you are only scared. There is no bullet hole, and there is not a drop of blood to be seen." To which he answered, "If I am not wounded, I ought to be able to get up and walk;" so he made an attempt to arise, but found himself utterly unable to do it, and sank back to the ground in a helpless condi-

tion. About that juncture another gentleman came to his rescue, and together they managed to put him in the wagon, and carried him back to his room and placed him upon his bed. He was perfectly conscious all the while, but had no strength to get up or stand upon his feet. Those about him thought him frightened, and were disposed to joke him for his timidity. He himself could not tell what was the matter. Finally they concluded to seek the services of a doctor. They sent to the fort, which was in the limits of the town, and called in the surgeon to see him. And when he had closely examined him he coolly remarked: "This gentleman is badly damaged; for while the bullet missed him, he came as nearly being killed as a man could to escape at all. It came so close in passing the back of his neck that the shock was well-nigh fatal to him. Men are sometimes killed in battle without being touched by the deadly missiles of war, and it will be several days before this patient can get out again. Lead balls may, when discharged from guns, come so close to a man at certain points as to destroy his life without penetrating his flesh. And this came near being the destiny of our friend here."

The soldier who did the shooting mistook the

minister for another man whom he intended to kill. When he learned of what he had done, he was deeply mortified, came at once, apologized to his narrowly escaped victim, remained with and waited on him till he got well. The old adage, "A miss is as good as a mile," will hardly prove altogether satisfactory to one coming out of such an experience as this, for he must feel inclined to the opinion that a bullet whizzing through the air a mile away would be more comfortable and agreeable to his notions of personal safety than one dashing in such perilous proximity to the back of his neck as to stun his whole body and render all its members perfectly useless to him for the time being.

ON the fourth of October, eighteen hundred and sixty-five, the Conference assembled in Tulip Street Church, Edgefield, which is now East Nashville, and closed its memorable session on the eleventh day of the month. It had failed to meet during two years on account of the Civil War, which had filled the whole land with bloodshed, death, poverty, disorder, suffering, and sorrow. And although the great struggle was now over and the country was still in a disorganized

condition, yet the people were manifesting a willingness and desire to return to the peaceful pursuits of life. Many of the preachers had suffered much in the strife—some of them had fallen on the battlefield, and others had come back to us wounded and maimed for life.

And in despite of the disasters, dreadful effects, and destructive demoralizations of the soldier's life, the brethren had generally, by the grace of God, maintained their integrity and fidelity to their divine Maker and fellow-men. They manifested great delight and overflowing pleasure in being permitted to meet with one another again in their annual convention. It was truly a happy time with them all. The writer was before the committees, and stood a satisfactory examination on the two years' studies, and was elected and ordained to elder's orders. Bishop H. H. Kavanaugh, of Kentucky, presided, and Rev R. A. Young was elected secretary. It was a grand and happy convocation of the preachers. All through the session there were extraordinary manifestations of spiritual and religious power among the brethren. At its close this scribe was read out to the Springfield Station. Rev. Joseph B. West was his presiding elder. He was well pleased with his appointment. That was

one of the grandest and most successful years of his entire ministerial life. He found the members of the charge greatly prostrated in their finances. They were scarcely able to live themselves, to say nothing of their inability to support a preacher; but they made him feel welcome among them, and went right to work with him in all his enterprises. The first attempt he made was to repair the church building. It was in a dilapidated condition. During the war it had been neglected and much damaged. It required some time to complete the improvements upon it, but by spring it was finished up, and immediately a protracted meeting was commenced in it which went on for three months and resulted in the salvation of over two hundred souls, the most of whom connected themselves with the Methodist Church.

NOW during the progress of this great revival he had an impressive experience which was of immense benefit to him as well as to others. He was profoundly exercised about the meeting, and while reading that remarkable passage of Scripture which says, "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God"

(Rom. viii. 14), he said to himself: "This assurance is of general meaning and universal application, and so it belongs as much to a minister of the gospel of Jesus or to a member of his Church now as it did to an apostle or a saint when it was first written." And feeling fully conscious of the fact that the whole of the momentous matter rested with himself, he determined to avail himself of the advantage of it. Then he kneeled down in his room with the determination of continuing in prayer until God answered him by sending his Holy Spirit into his heart to guide him that day in his work. He besought and supplicated him to lead him to the place where he ought to go and to teach him what he ought to say and do that the greatest amount of good might be accomplished through him and the clearest and most signal manifestations of the glory of God might be made unto him. He struggled and communed with God for several long, bright, happy hours. Finally the Father said unto him, "It is enough, thou hast prevailed;" then a great blessing came upon him. His soul was filled with unutterable love for God, and he felt a consuming interest in the welfare of his fellow-men. With this divine grace suffusing his whole being, he arose from his devotions and

went forth not knowing whither, but willing to be "led by the Spirit of God." He was consciously assured that every step he took that day was directed by the Lord. As he walked the street he felt as if he were treading the air. So happy was he that everything presented to his enraptured vision was a heavenly glow. God seemed to him to be smiling in tenderest affection upon all his works. He went walking on praising his blessed Saviour in his gladdened spirit until he passed out of town into the quiet suburbs beyond, and, approaching a neat little framed cottage, freshly painted a snowy white, with bright green window blinds, sitting far back from the road in a beautiful grove of timber, which was splendidly arrayed in the verdant robes of springtime, when a divine impulse moved him to turn in, and without hesitation he did it. He passed over a long walk from the little gate to the house, and just as he was coming up to it a young lady of striking appearance came out to the porch with a broom in her hand. When she discovered the strange visitor she shrank back and seemed a little embarrassed; but she quickly regained complete control of herself as he, advancing, introduced himself as the preacher having charge of

the Methodist Church in town. Then she courteously invited him in, and, seating him in the hall, excused herself for a moment and passed into a room, and in due time returned with her mother and younger sister, whom she gracefully presented to him. And when she was asked whether she was a member of any Church or not, she began to weep, and responded: "No; none of this family make any claims to a religious life." This information came to him in the way of a surprise, as they were evidently in good circumstances, well-educated, cultured, and refined. He then invited her to go with him that morning to the prayer meeting, to which she answered she would be glad to go if her sister would go with her and if her mother had no objection. Her mother readily replied that it would please her for them both to go. Soon they were on their way to the church with the preacher, who was still in a spirit of ecstasy.' At the close of the service, when penitents were invited, they both arose promptly and came to the altar and were soon rejoicing in a happy consciousness of pardoned sins, and it was not long till the mother was also converted to God and rejoicing in the church with her daughters. Our Lord will work wonders through us if we will only let him; but he

can do nothing until we place ourselves completely in his tender, almighty hands, to be guided and controlled by him. There is nothing equal to a special divine unction for a particular Christian service, and infinitely sure it is that nothing can be substituted for it or take its place.

THE year was closing and the time was coming on apace when the preacher would have to leave his people and be off to Conference and perhaps sent to another field of labor. He had spent a fine time with his charge. They had had good meetings, which had strengthened them very much every way, but they were not very flush with money. It was immediately after the close of the war, and, like the rest of the South, they were left in a depleted and dependent condition. And then it was not customary to pay preachers large salaries for their services. There have been some happy changes in the Church along these lines, as well as many others, since the passing away of those primitive days. Now the retiring pastor on this occasion felt himself in sore need of more of this world's goods than he could command. He felt that he was obliged to have some money for his own comfort and the glory of God, and he knew of

but one way to get it; so he took himself to prayer as usual, for such had been his established custom all through life. But some one is likely to say: "He certainly did not pray for money!" Yes, but he did, and why not? He has ever prayed for temporal blessings in proportion to their relative value and his real need of them, just as he has prayed for spiritual grace. Does not his Heavenly Father definitely include both classes of benefits in his exceeding great and precious promise, "Therefore I say unto you, all things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them?" (Mark xi. 24.) Here is the divine platform for prayer, erected by the Master himself, and it is broad enough to meet all the reasonable demands of suffering humanity, and is infallibly sure in its fulfillment, if the conditions are properly met. So while he was praying in his closet his friends in the railroad company's employment had a meeting among themselves, gotten up by the conductor, who felt that they were under special obligations to him for benefits which they had received from his ministry during the term of his stay among them, and after fully canvassing the business they decided that the proper course to pursue was not to select any particular present for him, as a suit of

clothes or something of that sort, but to make up a purse of cash, hand it over to him, and leave him free to spend it as he might choose to do. And in a few days he received from them a handsome sum contributed, as he was informed, by the conductor, engineer, fireman, brakeman, section boss, and all the hands working under him. It was just what he was needing, and the note accompanying the presentation was as precious to him as the gold itself. It was a personal verification of the apostolic affirmation: "And my God shall supply every need of yours according to his riches in glory in Christ Jesus." (Phil. iv. 19.)

THE Conference was in session at Huntsville, Ala., from the twenty-fourth to the thirtieth of October, eighteen hundred and sixty-six. Bishop McTyeire was in the chair, and Rev. R. A. Young was keeper of records. This preacher was not there. That is the only session of the Conference during the forty-three years of his active ministry at which he was not present to answer to his name when the roll was called. Perhaps it is right that he should give the reason why he was not on hand at this Conference—he had just married.

The wedding took place on the third day of October, eighteen hundred and sixty-six, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. C. H. O'Neal, who was then a widow, her husband, Mr. William O'Neal, having passed away sometime before. The O'Neal home was one of the most beautiful in Montgomery County. It was situated in the midst of splendid scenery and surrounded by productive and highly cultivated lands. He was united in holy wedlock to Miss Mary Price O'Neal, Rev Joseph B. West, D.D., his presiding elder, officiating. After the ceremony was over there was an elegant supper spread for guests. There was a large assemblage of the friends of the bride and groom present on the brilliant and happy occasion. This year he was appointed to the Montgomery Circuit, which suited him very well, as his mother-in-law was living in the bounds of that work. He had a good year—held some good meetings in the charge. He was not a stranger in that field of labor, having cultivated it before. Most of the people were acquainted with him, and he knew them, so their associations were both pleasant and profitable. And while there were no sweeping revivals, much good was accomplished.

LATE one afternoon in the first part of the month of July, eighteen hundred and sixty-seven, he indulged in the happy fancies of a short reverie, which he recorded in his scrapbook and wishes to insert here, thirty-six years after they were first written. He makes no change in them: "Here I am sitting at the window, looking out over the pendant top of an old weeping willow tree in the yard upon the gorgeous clouds as they float lazily along the western horizon, and musing upon the past. It is a grand sunset scene. Surely the hand is divine that paints so richly and beautifully the vapory clouds and sends them flying athwart the heavens with their brilliant colors. So I reason with myself. But now the sun, the great ruling light of the world, has completely disappeared from our hemisphere. In the dim but quiet regions of Hesperus the day is dying. Softly the zephyric breezes sing the solemn death dirge. Darkness, the queen of night, hastens to mount her ebon throne, and anon she will wave her black scepter over the land to fix the mantle of gloom upon it. O twilight, with thy strange blending of light and gloom, how sad thou makest me feel at this hour! Thou bringest the recollections of the past back to me. But who would forget the past,

who would cast its sad and sacred relics into the oblivious waves of Lethe? Not I. With all its bitter regrets and unfathomed sorrows, the past is ever dear to my heart. Here come, borne upon airy wing, the sports and pleasures, the glee and joy of my childhood days. Hail, ye fond and sweet shadows of my only perfectly pure and innocent delights! I gaze with speechless rapture upon your passing angel forms. But now ye are gone. I look after you through the dust that is settling fast upon the path of life. You leave me for a moment with the feeling of loneliness and desolation. But immediately your places are occupied by the fancies and phantoms which filled up the dreams of my youth. Ye blaze, ye dazzle, and ye explode. Your shining wakes are soon put out with drear darkness. Ye were born in the wild revelries of an untrained and unrestrained imagination, and so ye have gone out in utter despair. Once ye charmed me with your fair delusions, but now ye amuse me with your hopeless failures. Adieu, adieu, false, glittering train of adolescent deceptions. But ye have scarcely fled until other reflections spring up where late ye stood. Thus

‘Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.

Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies.

Each as the various avenues of sense
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
Brightens or fades; yet all with magic art
Control the latent fibers of the heart.'

Now I behold myself struggling amid the toils and troubles of mature manhood. Disappointment, so repulsive to frail human nature, has hardly hushed its thundering sounds upon the trembling shore of the bygone years until the prophetic apprehension of misfortune in the unknown future fills me with dread. He that has felt the power of the raging storm is sure to shrink from the angry cloud. It portends to him a furious blast. I have already, in my lifetime, been disappointed more than once. But this has been all the better for me. Now with the poet I can say:

'This world is but a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Uncertain shine, uncertain flow;
There's nothing true but heaven.

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love and joy and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb;
There's nothing bright but heaven.'"

At the close of the year he found himself loath to leave the old Montgomery Circuit, for which he had formed many tender and lasting attachments, but he had learned to believe that a true itinerant would hold himself in readiness to go wherever the appointing power of the Church might see fit to send him. The Rev. Robert S. Hunter, a very brilliant man and one of the most fascinating preachers in the Conference, was his presiding elder in place of Dr. J. B. West, whose time limit had expired on the district. He had learned to admire and love the new presiding elder. They worked in perfect harmony with each other.

OCTOBER twenty-third to thirtieth, eighteen hundred and sixty-seven, found the Tennessee Conference congregated in the city of Clarksville, well distributed and comfortably provided for, with the most venerable and beloved Bishop Robert Paine in the chair with authoritative gavel in hand to keep the boisterous brethren in order, and with Dr. R. A. Young, that famous, ready, and expert scribe, at the table to keep an accurate account of things said and done. The Bishop was a general favorite with the members of the

Conference and always welcome to their hospitality. And this was one of the most important of all the sessions of the Conference, as the new laws, enacted by the last General Conference, were being tested and going into operation. Hence, unusual interest was manifested in the proceedings of it by all. When the appointments were announced by the Bishop, it appeared that the writer was sent to the Lebanon Station, so he packed what he had in trunks and boxes, took his wife, and started for his new home and new field of labor. Dr. David C. Kelley was his presiding elder, and he was also president of Corona, a school for girls. We—myself and wife—boarded with Dr. Kelley and his mother, Mrs. M. L. Kelley, of precious memory. We had a pleasant year, and in some respects a successful year. We—I say we because my wife actively assisted me in all my work—added to and strengthened the membership of the Church, and made some important and much-needed improvements on the church building, purchased and put in it a fine organ, and organized a splendid choir. Dr. Kelley and his mother added greatly to our happiness and usefulness that year. Their house was our home—we needed no better treatment.

A MOST marvelous occurrence came under our observation that year which was deeply tinged with the supernatural and mysterious. Our doctor was at the time treating Mrs. Jackson in an attack of sickness, and had been visiting her constantly for several weeks. He was a large, healthy, stout, fine-looking man and an excellent physician; and a more talented, intelligent, and conscientious gentleman could not have been found in the town. He came up into our room one bright, beautiful morning to see my wife and prescribe for her. Usually he was very cheerful, pleasant, and talkative, but on this occasion he was sad, serious, and silent. And when his patient asked him two or three times what was the matter with him, he finally answered her by saying that he was doomed to die soon. He then related a remarkable dream which had come to him the night before. He stated that it seemed to him that he was alone out in a grand cedar grove, standing by a dead, limbless snag, when a bright, lovely, shining angel dropped down from heaven, as it appeared to him, and suddenly there sprang up from the ground a rich, green vine, loaded with the sweetest, most beautiful, and most fragrant flowers, and covered the high stump by him all over.

Then the celestial messenger said to him: "Cut the vine off at the roots." Obeying, he took a small scalpel from his pocket and clipped the vine close to the surface of the earth, when immediately a strange, fascinating voice came forth from it, announcing the exact date of his death. He could not be diverted from it nor persuaded that it was nothing more than the delusion of disturbed sleep. And when the fatal day came, the preacher went in haste to get him to go to the relief of his wife, who was suffering intensely; but he said: "I cannot go, for I am sitting here waiting for death myself." After being strongly urged, he consented to try to go, and started with the preacher, who stopped at a drug store for something, and when he came out and looked down the street he saw the people rushing through the gate into the house, and, on inquiring the cause of the excitement, was told that the doctor had turned into the house, remarking to the landlady, a particular friend of his, "I have come to die, this is the beginning of the end;" and sank helplessly upon the carpet under a deadly stroke of paralysis, and died that night. Thus his dream was literally fulfilled. Is it unreasonable? If it is, still it is in perfect ac-

cord with the teaching of the Scriptures. Elihu said to Job:

“For God speaketh once,
Yea twice, though man regardeth it not.
In a dream, in a vision of the night,
When deep sleep falleth upon men,
In slumberings upon the bed;
Then he openeth the ears of men,
And sealeth their instruction.”

(Job xxxiii. 14-16.)

BISHOP H. N. McTYEIRE called the Conference to order in the town of Shelbyville on the fourteenth of October, eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, and closed the session by reading out the appointments on the twenty-first day of the same month. Things on that particular occasion moved heavily and with a good deal of friction; but still they moved—they were obliged to with the man who was at the head of affairs. He was born to lead in all matters of that sort, or failing in that to drive; and it made but small difference with him which course he was forced to pursue. Hence, there was considerable dissatisfaction and complaint among the brethren about the management and final disposition of things; but the

presiding officer did not seem to be worried in the least. Dr. Young, as usual, was intrusted to make a record of the sayings and doings of the body. The writer was sent to Trinity, near Nashville. There were two other Churches connected with it, Ewing's Chapel and Ebenezer. The people were generally prosperous in business, cultured, kind, and hospitable. They took good care of the preacher and his wife. The great and good Dr. A. L. P. Green was the presiding elder, and lived in the bounds of this splendid little charge. We had a most delightful year. Everything in the work was exceedingly pleasant and gratifying, except the growth of the Churches. During the year we conducted but one revival that amounted to much. At Ebenezer we held a meeting, which resulted in the conversion of thirty-five or forty sinners and the consecration of many saints. Great good was accomplished at that meeting.

On the seventh day of August, eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, there was a total eclipse of the sun, which took place about the middle of the afternoon—the only phenomenon of that kind that I have any remembrance of witnessing in my lifetime. It was so dark that the chickens went to roost. Such a season and sight could not fail to

awaken a deep feeling of awe and reverence in every thoughtful mind and impressive heart.

SOON after he reached the appointment he had a perilous encounter with an enormous, ugly, black bulldog, whose name was Jo. He had already established a bad, frightful reputation as a vicious, dangerous brute, always ready and anxiously waiting for an opportunity to throttle to death any visitor or caller upon whom he might leap as an intruder upon his master's dominions. That afternoon it was cool, cloudy, and chilly. He had but recently come into the neighborhood, and was an entire stranger to the people and was going around among them, introducing himself to them as their new pastor, and making their acquaintance as speedily as he well could do with convenience to himself and pleasantness to his parishioners. When he reached the place of conflict and walked deliberately into it, he did not have the most distant idea or faintest intimation of the long and hazardous struggle which was so close at hand and from which he could not then possibly escape. As he entered the gate and passed up through the yard to the door, his attention was rather painfully at-

tracted by the infuriated canine terror, which came from the back of the house, moving slowly and determinately to the little gate that formed the opening in the fence, which separated the front of the premises from the rear, and began violent operations to force himself through, that he might commence his murderous intentions upon his unknown and unoffending antagonist, who would fain have left him the untried field all to himself. And in order that he might in some sort impress him with his sincere desire to pacify him and thus avoid an open and uncertain collision with him, he stepped promptly from the porch and started for the street; but this movement, instead of appeasing his burning wrath, had the contrary effect upon him and kindled his deadly ire to the highest pitch, and he threw himself with such malicious, thundering thugs against the closed gate that it flew wide upon its creaking hinges, and turned them together to try their strength, courage, skill, and endurance in a fair and fatal hand-to-mouth combat. The preacher instantly decided upon his tactics. He threw himself entirely and fearlessly upon the defensive, standing firmly erect, without uttering a word or moving a limb; he looked straight into the blazing, glaring eyes of his implacable foe,

awaiting his malignant assault, and, from his maneuvering, it was evident that this was the first serious obstruction that Jo had ever run upon. He came with his threatening bristles up, and a deep, coarse, guttural growl rolling from his massive jaws, which boded much mischief and ill to his victim. He seemed ready for work, but somehow he paused and looked a little surprised and rather disappointed at meeting with anything like opposition from any source whatever. Heretofore, he had bounced his helpless prey upon a screaming run, and he was clearly anxious to get up a scene of that sort on this particular occasion; and when he found that it would not materialize, he entered reluctantly, to all outward appearances, upon his doubtful battle. He manifested no disposition to seek an undue or dishonorable advantage in the engagement, so he paid no regard to the vulnerable members of the body, but attempted, from start to finish, to reach the throat; and for this purpose he cautiously put his right fore paw upon the left knee of his antagonist and literally climbed upon him. And when he had succeeded in planting both of his forefeet upon the preacher's chest, his nose was on a dead level with his opposer's throat; he then pushed his head in the direction of his objec-

tive point, but the man shot his left hand as quick as a flash of lightning into the dog's throat. This unexpected happening astonished and startled him. Then the preacher, to prevent an accident from coming to pass which might prove disastrous to him, wound the chain around the dog's neck (he was carrying a heavy block and long chain), and thoroughly tested the strength of the leather collar. He found it perfectly safe, so he fastened his left hand into it and drew it up to suffocating tightness, and proceeded to punch him in the sensitive region of the heart with his right hand. Now he knew that the slugging would necessarily have to be slow, systematic, and sharp, in order to insure favorable results, and therefore he took time to make every lick count for its full worth. In due season, Jo began to show symptoms of succumbing to the heavy and well-directed blows, and finally the choking and beating brought him to the ground as limp as a rag. The preacher very erroneously and indiscreetly thought that he had put him out of business; but he soon found this to be a big mistake, for he had scarcely lifted himself to an erect position until Jo was also struggling to his feet, and without much delay they renewed the contest. Jo went through much the same

process that he did in the beginning, except he moved more sluggishly and warily; and when he got himself in proper position, he made a sudden dart for the throat, but the man was too quick for the dog again, and succeeded in landing his left choker in his collar. He then began, as he had done before, to put in terrific blows over his heart. Under this treatment, Jo soon showed signs of weakening and went down to earth as limber as a wet hank; but he determined to make sure work of it this time, so he continued to beat and choke him until he was convinced that he was temporarily dead. At last he turned him loose, walked away to the gate, unlatched it, and was in the act of passing through it to the street, when the desperate animal, wild with rage, landed on his back and shoulders and was about to seize him by the neck, when he turned suddenly around, and, with a tremendous exertion, shook him off, and he would have rolled to the ground if he had not caught him by the tail of his beaver overcoat, which was ripped by the violent jerk it received all the way from the bottom to the top, so that it dropped at once from him. Then the tired belligerents stood facing each other again. At first, Jo seemed disposed to give up the struggle, but finally changed his mind, and

went to work more resolutely than ever for blood. Without much resistance, he sought and obtained his old attitude, and he clearly expected just what he got, another terrible choking and pelting; and pretty soon he gave the whole thing up, and, in the most significant and suggestive style, fell in an utterly helpless mass and hopeless condition to the dust. The preacher then conceived bloody murder in his cruel heart, and, drawing the block up, he lifted it in the air with the intention of crushing poor Jo's head with it; but just then he chanced to catch a good glimpse of the subdued animal's pleading eye, which completely disarmed him. He felt in that propitious moment that the fatal foes were henceforth to be fond friends. At once he rose up, led the panting dog back into the yard, drew him close up to him, spoke to him with authority, and slapped him on the side of the head to remind him of the fact that he was fully vanquished and conquered forever. They ever afterwards remained on uninterrupted terms of closest and most confidential intimacy. However, they were wise enough to be particular not to do anything that might justly stir up each other's wrath and bring on a renewal of trouble between them. And ever since

the preacher has had a more emphatic appreciation of the apostolic admonition: "Beware of the dogs." (Phil. iii. 2.)

ON the fifteenth to the twenty-third of September, inclusive, eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, our great annual conclave came together in the magnificent city of Murfreesboro, with the venerated and tenderly beloved Bishop Robert Paine, of Mississippi, in full and undisputed charge of the august assemblage of circuit riders, made up of grave elders, dignified deacons, and jolly candidates on trial, struggling with might and main to win membership in this famous body of holy men, working on forever in the vineyard of the Lord for the salvation of poor lost sinners, and also distinguished laymen, who had been honored in a special way and chosen by their brethren to take part in the important matters both of the Conference room and cabinet work. We had a royal time. One of the most noted events that occurred during the session of the Conference was a visit which we had from the celebrated W. E. Munsey, D.D., who at that time was the Secretary of our Foreign Missions. Our great Church

has produced but few men who have succeeded in acquiring the high renown as a surpassing pulpit orator that he obtained. At the special request of Bishop Paine, he occupied the sacred desk on Sunday morning, and what a grand sermon it was! He took for his text Psalm cii. 25-28. The subject was the "Eternity and Immutability of God." No one could give an adequate description of the discourse; it was unique, sublime, powerful, overwhelming. Dr. John W Hanner, a most competent judge of eloquent speeches, was heard to utter the involuntary exclamation at the conclusion of the most bewildering effort: "Such preaching as that has not been done in this world since Christ preached in Jerusalem and Paul preached in Rome!" Dr. R. A. Young, the prince of scribes, was at the recorder's table, taking minutes of men and measures for the information of future generations. This member of the Conference was sent to Trinity and Chestnut Grove, a captivating little charge in Giles County, near Pulaski, with the Rev. John F Hughes as his presiding elder. We had a fine year, good revivals at both Churches, sixty-five or seventy souls converted, added to the Church, and sanctified to God.

DURING the hot summer months an amusing incident came off at our boarding house. We were abiding in great pleasantness, peace, and happiness in the home of an aged widowed woman and her son. They were most excellent people. The young man was the proprietor of a drug store in Pulaski. As is common in country places, the pestiferous little fleas began to put in their appearance, greatly to the annoyance of the landlady and my wife. Now, somehow or other, they had come into possession of the knowledge of a sure remedy for the destruction of these diminutive and intolerable household nuisances. So one morning the mother told her son to be sure to bring her out a bottle of this prepared death for fleas. When he returned that evening, he delivered the deadly drug according to instructions. The next day, in the afternoon, while the women were alone with a little servant girl, they concluded to get rid of the fleas. Now, there was an old mother cat on the place, with a large litter of half-grown kittens, and she was a great favorite in the family, so they had them all brought in. There was no trouble in managing the affair, for they were all perfectly gentle, as pets commonly are. They put the medicine on at once and turned them loose, and well they did,

for the saddest, most unexpected, and startling results immediately followed. Just as soon as the cat-anointing was over, the whole feline brood flew, frantic with fiercest pain, in every direction, around the house, under the house, and from the house, tearing the air to pieces with the most terrific screams of agony. Soon kind death delivered the entire yelling crew from keen anguish, pain, suffering, and sorrow. Throughout this howling storm of torture, writhing, squalls, and noise, the owner of the cats and my wife, who had materially "aided and abetted" in their untimely and unintentional taking off, chilled with fear and almost crazed with alarm, were sitting safely within the house, with windows all fastened down, doors closed, bolted, barred, and locked, waiting, listening, watching with bated breath, deepest anxiety, and nervous apprehension the end of the most furious and fearful fracas. And after a while calm came, peace and quiet reigned, and the harmony and order of home were partially restored; but, mind you, that house was rid of cats and fleas.

FROM October the fifth to the thirteenth, eighteen hundred and seventy, Pulaski entertained the Conference. The competent, polished, affable, and polite Bishop David S. Doggett, of Virginia, was the appointed and acceptable president of the devout convocation; and the familiar, gigantic form of Dr. Young was seen hanging with watchful interest over the never-to-be-forgotten table of records. The Rev. R. A. Holland, of Louisville, Ky., a very popular Methodist preacher of much distinction as a pulpit orator, visited our Conference, and delighted the brethren with one of his most fascinating discourses. He took his text from Hebrews i. 8. The sermon was fine, thought good, diction splendid, rhetoric and declamation faultless. This happy itinerant was sent to Pleasant Valley and Olivet, only a few miles from where he was, in an adjoining community. He also had a new presiding elder. Rev. R. P. Ransom, an excellent man and a fine preacher, was appointed to the district. We had a big revival at Pleasant Valley—about forty people converted.

DURING the year the pastor committed a funny little escapade which was rather embarrassing to him at the time, and which, in the end, turned out to be decidedly beneficial to him. There was an old lady who belonged to the charge and was one of the best members in it. She was punctual and regular in her attendance upon all the services of the Church, and was a great friend to the preachers, and especially to her own pastor. He was the most welcome of all guests to her house. Nothing that she could do for him was good enough for him in her estimation. And all the people in that country who knew her believed her to be a sincere Christian; but at the same time many of them regarded her as being fanatical in her religion—some thought her a crank, and others said she was crazy. The preacher concluded that she was too easily excited and rather boisterous and noisy in her demonstrations at such times. She was not quite moderate and discreet enough when shouting in meetings to please him, and she was about to become a sort of annoyance to him as well as to some other members of the congregation, so he determined to have an interview with her on the subject. One Monday morning, after she had shouted long and loud the day before during his

sermon, he called on her at her own home. She seemed to suspect the object he had in view in making this visit, so she placed the Bible and hymn book on the little table right away, and asked him to have prayers, evidently preferring the prayer first and the conversation afterwards. After the devotions were over, the discussion of the delicate matter was opened up. The preacher began by assuring the good sister that he did not object to shouting, but that he rather liked it, and that he was fully persuaded that it ought to be done cautiously and wisely, that it might be done decently and in order. And he went on to say that he thought it unfortunate and out of place for any one to break out shouting at an unsuitable or unfavorable place in the sermon. For instance, if the minister were describing the pleasures of religion or the happiness of heaven, it would be all right to shout; but if he were discoursing on the delusions of sin or the horrors of hell, solemn silence would be far more appropriate. The pious old soul listened attentively and respectfully till he got through; then, with a pleasant smile on her face, she said modestly but confidently: "There is a big mistake about this matter. Why, the sermon does not make me shout; it has nothing in the world to do with it. I pray

every day in the week, and try to live so that I may get happy on Sunday. The Lord never disappoints me, and when he gives me the blessing, no difference when nor where, nor who is about, nor what is going on, *I always shout.*" This stunned him. She had thrown the question into an entirely new relation. When she made her shouting a matter wholly and solely between herself and her Saviour, she lifted it up into a realm where the preacher dare not attempt to control or interfere with it. In the conflict she was clearly the victor, and had a perfect right to wear the laurels. He left her fully convinced that it was not his duty or business to meddle with sacred things of that character.

OCTOBER fourth to ninth, eighteen hundred and seventy-one, found the Old Jerusalem Conference lovingly and comfortably ensconced in Lebanon, with Bishop George F Pierce at the head of affairs to conduct them safely through, and Dr. Young at the secretary's desk to write down things as they came to pass. The Bishop was in feeble health; the whole deliberative body was perceptibly in sympathy with him. We were returned to Pleasant Valley and Olivet, with

Brother Ransom still our presiding elder. We had a very prosperous year, good meetings and fine revivals at both the churches—about sixty persons converted and brought into the Church.

THERE was residing in the bounds of the work a remarkably large, stout young man, apparently in robust health. It was said of him that he had never been sick a day in his life. Had he been permitted to survive a few months longer, he would have reached his majority and come into possession of several thousand dollars. He was in attendance upon the meeting during the revival, and when mourners were called he invariably arose and walked out of the room, and was always followed by several other young men. One Sunday night, which was the last night of the meeting, his friends urged him to seek the salvation of his soul, but he persistently declined. At last the preacher himself was prevailed on to go and try to persuade him to yield to the call of mercy; but he utterly refused, stating that he did not wish to be troubled with religion then, that he intended to enjoy life while he was young, and that when he got to be old, just before he died, he would profess re-

ligion. The very next day he was taken violently sick, and died in a few hours. So great was his pain and suffering that his reason was at once dethroned. From the first of his attack he was entirely oblivious of everything about him, until death came and released him. The young men who were his associates looked upon it as a divine judgment sent upon him, and came in a body and requested the preacher to commence a meeting at once, that they might seek religion. He told them that he could not comply with their wishes, assured them that it was not at all essential that they should be in a big meeting to seek pardon; but that if they felt that they could more readily obtain forgiveness in a protracted meeting than anywhere else, there was one then in progress in an adjacent community, which they could conveniently reach. They went, and professed religion.

“When I am old—and O, how soon
Will life’s sweet morning yield to noon,
And noon’s broad, fevered, earnest light
Be shaded in the solemn night!
Till like a story well-nigh told
Will seem my life, when I am old.
Ere I am old, O let me give
My life to learning *how to live!*
Then shall I meet with willing heart
An early summons to depart,
Or find my lengthened days consoled
By God’s sweet peace—when I am old.”

THE Conference met at Nashville in the McKendree Church, October sixteenth and twenty-third, inclusive, eighteen hundred and seventy-two, with Bishop David S. Doggett in the chair, and our own beloved Dr. R. A. Young, with pencil in hand, at the recorder's table. This was a long but very pleasant session of this great ecclesiastical body, and when, at last, it rounded up its business, this brother found, to his comfort and delight, that he was appointed to the Springfield Station. We had Rev. A. Mizel for our presiding elder. Going to that splendid charge was to me like returning home after an absence of six years from loved ones, and the noble people received us with open hands and hearts to their homes. We were having flattering prospects for a very prosperous year, when cholera broke out in the town; from that on to the close of the year it was simply terrific. The Church was strengthened in many ways, but not much in numbers.

THE grand assembly of Methodist ministers came together in the most excellent and hospitable little city of Franklin on the eighth day of October, eighteen hundred and seventy-three, and

closed up their business for that annual meeting on the fifteenth of the same month, with Bishop H. N. McTyeire presiding, and with nearly all the balance of the Conference subsiding. When Bishop McTyeire was in the chair, every member of the body knew it. If he were not aware of it at once, he soon found it out; and when the fact dawned on him fully, it did not immediately fade out. The information generally came to stay. Now it began to leak out early in the session that the Bishop was in favor of making a good many changes in stationing the preachers, which filled the minds of many of the brethren with general apprehension, growing anxiety, and great uneasiness.

WHEN the hour arrived for reading out the appointments, a member of the Conference, who was a very witty man and full of good humor, asked another brother if he could sing, who, he knew, was utterly and hopelessly ignorant of music, saying: "If you can, I want you to sing these lines just before the Bishop begins his work:"

"Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound!

My ears, attend the cry:

'Ye living men, come view the ground

Where you must shortly lie.'"

But there was at least one preacher who was not displeased with his appointment, for he was sent back to Springfield, with the gentle and amiable William Burr for his presiding elder. We had a moderately successful and very happy year. During this year the preacher tried his hand on the only purely extemporaneous speech that he ever delivered on anything like an important occasion. For some reason, the gentleman who was selected to make the address was prevented from doing it, and he did not know that he would be called on to take his place until he was on his way to the cemetery; and as the effort was published in one of the town papers, he will simply copy it here as it was given out then.

“The following remarks were delivered by the Rev. Green P Jackson on Decoration Day at the graves of the Confederate soldiers, Mr. Jackson kindly consenting to their publication:

“ *My Countrymen and Fellow-Citizens:* A sorrowful occasion has called us together to-day. We have assembled to decorate the graves of the Confederate soldiers who lie wrapped in the cold, deep slumbers of death in our midst. Balmy spring has ever been regarded as the most cheerful and exhilarant season of the year, for then bounteous na-

ture pours forth her floral contributions in rich and lavish profusion to regale and delight the senses of her grateful children. But alas! here the associated contrast of her gay and joyous scenery with our gloomy surroundings can only calm for a moment the troubled surface of our grief, but it cannot destroy the bitterness of our woe. O no; that is as deep as our hearts and as lasting as life itself! From the earliest era of time down to the present age of the world, all the great nations of the earth, whether in savage or civilized conditions, have gloried in the consecrated and sacrificing patriotism of their soldiery. Hence they have carefully recorded their daring deeds of martial valor in their national histories, sung them in the rapturous music of their poetry, and celebrated them in their grand festivals. Then surely the sad but sacred ceremonies of this memorial convocation cannot fail to make a profound and enduring impression upon the hearts of all who witness them. For myself, I may speak: As I look with tearful eyes upon these sodded mounds in your family burying grounds and village cemetery, in which the precious dust of the *fallen heroes of the lost cause* is lovingly inurned, and read the mournful epitaphs engraved upon the white slabs and shafts

of stone which overshadow them, what painful recollections come rushing from the dreary regions of the past and dashing through my distracted brain! The murmuring sounds of intestine strife which, for a while at least, rent the government in twain, roll over my soul afresh, and the dread signal of bloody war which startled the whole nation from the Northern lakes to the Southern gulf, rises again to my view. And how vividly I remember, that after protracted deliberation and mature thought, brave old Tennessee, the Volunteer State, unfurled her fearless banner to the stormy winds of Mars; then her chivalric sons arose at once from the flower of her population, and, buckling on their armor, proudly marched forth to conquer in the day of battle or fall on fields of glory. Many promising young men, the fond hope of broken families left behind, were slain with the deadly missiles of war or wasted by the ravages of fatal disease far away from home. There no mother's care or sister's affection softened their sufferings or brightened their pale faces when dying, and with no winding sheet save their gray blankets, often saturated with their own patriotic blood, they were laid away in the ditches to rest

from the clangor of arms till the resurrection day shall awake them to life again.

“No clarion’s peal, nor cannon’s roar,
Can break *their* dreamless sleep;
No more *their* sword at freedom’s call
Shall from its scabbard leap.”

But *their* fame shall live forever. We need no tall cenotaphs of Italian marble or magnificent mausoleums of American granite to keep their honored names from falling into oblivion or to perpetuate them among men, for their own immortal renown is our best heritage, and must remain dear to us and to posterity until the last true heart shall cease forever to pulsate in the “*sunny South*.” Yes, every year we will continue to bring sweet bouquets to spread upon their graves and chaplets of richest flowers to hang upon their tombs. Let this innocent and laudable custom forever prevail all over the Southland, from the wave-beaten coast of the Carolinas to the golden shore of California. In the ethereal mildness of gentle spring, when our fair and beautiful section of the country puts on her vernal robes of many bright blossoms, we will never fail to visit the silent and peaceful places of these reposing martyrs, who poured out in the defense of our homes the warm blood which

animated their dauntless hearts and flushed their manly cheeks. And we will not come together then simply to pronounce with cold formality and public show flattering panegyrics and fulsome eulogies upon the gallant bands that have crossed over the river of death and are resting under the shade of the trees of life; but we will come when our souls are fired with pure, patriotic love in order that we may

“To the glorious dead, forever dear!

Indulge the tribute of a grateful tear.”’

AND so we were cordially invited to go to Gallatin, one of the most hospitable of all the entertaining towns, and spend from October seventh to the thirteenth, eighteen hundred and seventy-four, in the elegant homes of the kind people there; and also meet with the pure, good, and great Bishop Enoch M. Marvin, from Missouri, who, after due and careful consultation with the presiding elders and a few interested and distinguished laymen (all done in secret conclave, of course), would make known the conclusion he had finally reached and what disposition he had made in each of our cases as to our different fields of

labor and our respective homes during the following year. We went at the time set and were made welcome by the generous citizens, and found Bishop Marvin one of the finest characters and best preachers that American Methodism has yet produced. Peerless in the pulpit, equal to the best in the chair, and pleasant in the social circle, he succeeded in giving full satisfaction in all the work which he did; and Dr. Young was still found keeping correct notes of what was said and done. We were returned to Springfield, with Brother Burr still as presiding elder. We had a fine year, everything went on smoothly, pleasantly, and prosperously; but we had no great revival.

AT the urgent solicitation of some of his friends, he was induced to deliver a lecture on "Woman's Rights," which was published in a secular paper, and he feels that it will not be improper to give it a place here. "But the woman is the glory of the man." (1 Cor. xi. 7) "*Mulier autem gloria viri est.*" Such is the Roman version of that most beautiful compliment of divine inspiration upon woman. Probably, as many think, the apostolic author was an old bachelor. Some

have unkindly intimated that he was not very partial to the fair sex. Certainly that opinion does not comport well with his own deeply significant and highly sublime declaration. He has spoken for himself, and he has a right to be heard; and according to his strong affirmation, man and woman, in harmonious unity, are both indispensably necessary in the formation of a perfect humanity. He interprets falsely who supposes that the woman is but the dim satellite of the man, illuminated with rays which she reflects from her majestic primary. She shines with no borrowed light. The fate of man is inseparably connected with the destiny of woman. His luster ever brightens in her exaltation and dies in her degradation. Just in proportion as she rises in goodness, he ascends in greatness; and as she descends into vice, he sinks into obscurity. Without woman in the fine, native purity of her being, the high culture of her mental faculties, and the diligent training of her religious powers, man, in his best estate, could be only a clouded orb, a planet shrouded in rayless gloom.

The lofty place which the Divine Architect assigned to her in the dawning splendor of her existence clearly indicates to us the sacred dignity

of her person and the supreme importance of her influence. She is the highest, brightest, and best link that glitters in the long and mysterious chain of terrestrial creation. God originally made all things in the regular and consecutive order of their ranks. I do abhor with all my heart and abominate with all my soul Mr. Darwin's foolish and most disgusting theory of the descent of man. supremely absurd and ridiculous is the idea that man, pronounced by the highest authority "the image and glory of God," is merely a development from the despicable little monkey, which farther back was derived from some marsupial animal, which still more remotely in the hoary ages of antiquity sprang through a long, shadowy line of diversified and ever-changing forms from some reptilelike or amphibianlike creature, which the deluded and deluding author presumed had in the unknown commencement some sort of a zoöphytic being for its ancestor. Surely this is peering with deranged optics through the dark, misty regions of the past at the miraculous rise and grand progress of things.

In the simple cosmography which was thrown from the infallible pen of Moses after contemplating with feelings of unspeakable awe the crude elements and rough materials of the vast universe

lying everywhere in massive heaps or floating about in magnificent drifts upon the black, storm-tossed bosom of unlimited chaos, our attention is directed to a detailed account and minute description of the true and only reasonable genesis of all the various types and forms of vegetable and animal life pertaining to our planet, starting with the lowest and meanest and advancing steadily through the successive gradations up to the most excellent of all—man and woman. The globe itself being finished and prepared, the Jehovah God proceeded to furnish it with its appropriate flora and fauna. He clad it with grasses, herbs, flowers, shrubs, and trees; then he filled its water and air with fishes and fowls, and covered its broad surface with reptiles and quadrupeds; and, last of all, he made two human beings, unto whom he gave complete dominion over all the rest of his works. The creation of man and woman was on this wise: Adam was formed in the entireness of his complex being, which consisted of a wonderfully constructed body taken from the dust of the ground, by which he was allied in his physical nature to the earth, and of a reasonable soul which brought him into sympathy with the inferior animal creation, and of an immortal spirit which bound him in rapturous communion

with his Infinite Maker. And for a while creation's grand scale seemed graduated in him; but God arrayed before him all the lower creatures that he might review and name them. This was a test of his knowledge, and also reminded him of the fact that his own existence was as yet left incomplete. For among all the vast numbers of different creatures which passed under his eye that day, there was found no helpmeet for him, so Jehovah God wrapped him up in the sweet slumbers of a profound ecstasy of sleep; and, while the influence of this divine trance was upon him, "he took one of his sides [see Hebrew] and closed up the flesh instead thereof: and the side [Hebrew] which Jehovah God had taken from the man, builded he into a woman [see Hebrew], and brought her unto the man." (Gen. ii. 21, 22.) And when Adam awoke as from an enchanting dream and looked with unutterable delight upon the fair and lovely being who stood in silent beauty before him, he at once recognized her as an essential part of himself, and instinctively called her Eve (Hebrew, *life*), for she was the charm of his heart and the happiness of his home. Adam and Eve were not the best of all things created simply because they were made last; but they were made last because they were

the highest and noblest workmanship of God, and immediately the eternal Elohim crowned them together the king and queen of this whole terrestrial realm. "And God blessed them; and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the heavens, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." (Gen. i. 28.) In deciding the relations which man and woman hold to the inferior works of God, we meet with no serious difficulties. But when we undertake to determine exactly the relations which they sustain to each other, then we find that we have a delicate matter in hand. And especially is this true in these latter days, when the peace of the whole country is disturbed and all ranks of society are agitated with tremendous measures of proposed reform. Their natural places in creation are equally lofty and sublime; nevertheless they are entirely and forever distinct. Their respective spheres in life are widely different, and yet they are all the while mutually dependent upon each other. Acting in harmony as the Almighty directs, they present in all perfection the nicely adjusted elements of a complete but complicated humanity. But when divided in sentiment and ad-

verse in affection, they madly contend about their rights and wrongs, they unwisely make war upon themselves, and with sacrilegious hands cast away their own excellencies. And if the question be asked, "Which is the greater, the man or the woman?" it will be correctly answered by saying, "Neither." The woman supplements the defects of the man; and he in return supplies her deficiencies. Thus the two make but one: "In the day that God created man, in the likeness of God made he him, male and female created he them; and blessed them, and called their name Adam, in the day when they were created." (Gen. v. 1, 2.) But still each of them has a special station to fill. Man's work is bold, enterprising, and perilous. He is peculiarly adapted to it in mind and body. Woman's grandest and best achievements are confined strictly to the social and domestic circles, and these constitute the most becoming arena where she may best exert her energies and display her talents. No one has the slightest semblance of legitimate authority from any competent source for rudely thrusting her out of her divinely prescribed sphere of action; neither has she the right, in any sense whatever, to abandon it for some other calling which she may feel disposed to select. And they

are not genuine friends to her, no difference who they are or what professions they make, who are wickedly striving to pull her down from her high and holy position to meaner enterprises. She has the sound judgment to vote a judicious ticket at the poles and ought to be invested with the elective franchise, for she possesses the sturdy valor to fight the bloodless battles of her country's liberty at the ballot box. But notwithstanding all this, let not that dark and dreadful day ever dawn upon our unfortunate land when she, deserted by her good sense and intoxicated with the wild, delirious excitement of party strife, may in a thoughtless moment cast from her that magic power for good which has been given to her over the sterner sex, and, desperately sacrificing her benign influence of character, shall blindly plunge herself into the stagnant and polluted waters of the terrible cesspool of political passion. She was not made for the drunken conflicts of the rostrum nor for the brawling debates of the corrupt platforms of Parliaments and Congress halls. Only in the rarest cases of exception to the general rule should she even be found in the sacred pulpit. Heaven has not commissioned her to go out and publicly preach the gospel and proclaim aloud the message

of salvation to the world at large. However, she is not debarred from the holy ministry on account of anything like mental or moral incompetency; but simply because

“A woman’s noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight.”

She may love her country, and she ought to do it; but her patriotic spirit should be like herself, pure, cautious, modest, timid, and retiring. Vaulting ambition, the bustling manner, and the fiery, martial temper,

“Seeking the bubble reputation,
Even in the cannon’s mouth,

are ever foreign to feminine graces. What a scene woman presents commanding armies, waging war, and scattering, with demoniacal fury, desolation, death, and destruction amid the smoke and storm of battle far and wide over reeking fields of fatal conflict and bleeding carnage, to wreath her fair, soft brow with the gory garlands of a false and fading renown! Fortunately for the race, this is not her work. Peace and mercy attend her mission. No dripping sword she brings in clinched fingers, streaked with the blood of the slain; but in her tiny, tender hand the olive branch she waves to the rejoicing world. She is Heaven’s appointed

guardian of humanity's best interests and earth's dearest hopes. She refines the manners and purifies the morals of man. Her powerful ban, pronounced by her on hallowed lips against drunkenness, will do more toward putting it down than all the temperance societies the sober world will ever be able to organize. When she whispers in positive terms of deep disapproval into the dull ear of the boldest swearer against blasphemy, the magic sound of her voice will ring in loud notes of alarm throughout the reverberating caverns of his degraded soul like the pealing thunder blasts from Mount Sinai, trembling from summit to base beneath the presence of Almighty God, announcing his fearful interdiction against profanity. Woman has more kindness in her nature than man. The suffering and sorrowing always look to her for sympathy and help. Here is the fruitful field for the full execution of her benevolent plans, on whose fertile soil she may gather bright laurels of glory to shine forever on her worthy temples. For her,

"The drying up a single tear hath more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore."

Women who are impatiently waiting with fond expectation the propitious arrival of the happy hour

that shall bring with it pompous promotions to positions of power perhaps would do well to pause one moment and reflect soberly upon the bad luck and unfortunate termination which struck the aspiring angels of light. That self-tempted band of shining spirits were displeased with their first estate, renounced their high and holy stations, and like a gathering cloud overshadowed the peaceful plains of bliss, and in the strength of proud, towering ranks invaded the habitations of others, assailed their rights, and attempted to seize upon their possessions. The meed of their swelling ambition was disappointment and ruin. All who are troubled with aggressive tendencies would do well to take heed to these examples who have gone on before them. In her divinely appointed place, faithful, contented, and true, "the woman is the glory of the man" just as the sun is the glory of the moon. She is away above man in all those things which constitute native human goodness. The heart is her rightful empire, and no hand holds a scepter that can sway it like hers.

"O loving woman, man's fulfillment sweet,
Completing him not otherwise complete!
How void and useless the sad remnant left
Were he of her, his nobler part, bereft."

OCTOBER sixth to twelfth, eighteen hundred and seventy-five—this date indicates the meeting of the Conference in the rushing and thrifty little city of Fayetteville, with Bishop W. M. Wightman in charge of matters, and Dr. Young as bookkeeper. We were sent to McMinnville and Manchester Station; J. J. Comer was our presiding elder. During the year we conducted a great revival in each of the towns.

AT the meetings there were three conversions which deserve special mention. There was an old man about seventy years of age who was a prominent citizen in his town. He had filled high places of trust, but he was a great sinner. And there was a beautiful, bright, intelligent little girl about five years of age. Now they were both at the altar seeking salvation at the same time. One morning the little girl was happily converted. She arose from where she was kneeling with her face literally beaming with joy, and, wrapping her arms about her mother's neck, who was sitting by her, she exclaimed: "O, mamma, I am so happy! I love God and I love everybody!" Just then the old man, lifting up his head with eyes streaming with

tears of true penitency, and looking in that direction, caught a glimpse of the child's countenance, shining with the light of the new life which had come unto her, and suddenly a great deliverance came to him, he sprang to his feet shouting, and, laying his hand on his wife's shoulder, he repeated after the little child: "O, I am so happy! I love God and I love everybody!" Because spiritual life is the love of God which hath been shed abroad in our hearts through the Holy Spirit which is given unto us, the little untaught child can know as much about it and enjoy it as fully as the sage and philosopher.

"Yes, Love indeed is light from Heaven,
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shar'd, by Allah given,
To lift from Earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But Heaven itself descends in Love;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought;
A ray of Him who formed the whole;
A glory circling round the Soul!"

AND there was an influential man of considerable means, who also obtained pardon of sin and desired to be baptized by immersion; and when

the time agreed upon arrived, the parties, with a large crowd of people, met at the place which had been designated, on the bank of a beautiful little stream of water, cool, clear, and sparkling like melted glass in the light of heaven; and when the minister was about to take charge of the candidate to perform the holy sacrament, he observed that he was dressed in an elegant suit of very costly clothes, and, supposing that he was making a mistake thoughtlessly, he ventured to suggest that he had better use a more common garb on the occasion; but the gentleman looked straight at him, with tears on his cheeks, and answered with a trembling voice: "I have weighed all that, and have decided to give myself to my Lord in my best clothes." He said no more about the matter, but proceeded to baptize him, feeling assured that he would make a good member of the Church, which he did.

BISHOP JOHN C. KEENER, of New Orleans, held the Conference in the refined and highly cultured little city, Columbia, on the fourth and tenth days, inclusive, of October, eighteen hundred and seventy-six. He made a favorable

impression on the brethren at once, presiding with perfect ease, affability, and unyielding firmness; and he also gave general satisfaction in the cabinet work. We were appointed to Culleoka and Hurricane. The Webb Brothers' famous training school for boys was located at Culleoka at that time, and was a large, flourishing institution, affording fine opportunities for the accomplishment of good. We spent a pleasant year there. Well-born Mooney, a man famous for superior skill in sermonizing, was our presiding elder.

OCTOBER third to eleventh, eighteen hundred and seventy-seven, finds the Conference again busily engaged in holding its session in Tulip Street, with Bishop David S. Doggett at the head of things, and Dr. Young ready to write them down. We had a good, smooth, long run; but nobody need be in a hurry about the business, as all are having a nice time in the Conference room and a pleasant time in the homes of the kind and clever people where they are stopping, so we linger on for nine delightful days before we get the appointments. From there we were sent to Fayetteville, with Rev. J. A. Orman for our presiding

elder. He was most learned in the laws of the Church, skillful and faithful in their execution, and also a good preacher and fine presiding officer. We spent the whole year trying to organize and train the Church along lines of methodical working, and we succeeded in doing this in all departments; but we accomplished nothing more. However, that proved to be a grand achievement.

CLARKSVILLE is again the place selected for the general rendezvous of the cavalry brigade of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, belonging to the Tennessee Conference. They came rushing into that place on the ninth of October, and left on the fifteenth day of the same month, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight. Bishop Hubbard H. Kavanaugh was in command of the troops, and a more gallant officer never issued an order in camp or on field of action. Dr Young, faithful to the established custom, was his lieutenant. We had a fine session of the Conference. We were returned to Fayetteville, with Brother Orman in charge of the district.

DURING this year we had a big revival, which continued for about nine weeks and which resulted in the conversion of over two hundred and forty souls. People were saved in their homes, on the streets, in their storehouses, and in their workshops as well as at the church. It was a great time in that old town. The last Sunday night of the meeting we were strongly solicited to close it; but, being powerfully impressed that we ought not to do it, we declined, and announced an appointment for Monday morning at ten o'clock, which was unusually well attended. The exhortation was short, and when penitents were called for twenty-one schoolgirls, ranging perhaps from ten to eighteen years of age, came all at once into the altar and were converted—every one of them—in less than thirty minutes after they got there. That was one of the most entrancing sights that mine eyes have ever looked upon. We felt that the work was done, and closed the meeting at once. During the progress of this meeting an affecting and very exciting incident took place one night in the church while the altar exercises were going on,

THERE was a young man about twenty-two or three years of age in attendance, who was apparently very stout, and, at the time, in fine, robust health. He was sitting far back in the room, under a window, and seemed very deeply touched and much concerned. His mother came to the minister and earnestly requested him to go to her son and talk with him, saying: "Please go and see him, for he loves you and has confidence in you; and if anybody in the world can do him good, you can." He went at once, and when he reached the young man he was convinced that there was something of a very serious character going on with him, and in a very few moments it was made manifest that he was in a critical condition, for in attempting to respond to a question which was proposed to him there was heard a deep, ominous, gurgling noise in his throat as if welling up from his lungs, which was followed immediately by an alarming sluice of blood that proclaimed inevitable death in his case. And seeing this, the preacher ran hurriedly across the street to a physician's house and sought his services, who was soon by the sufferer's side; and when he had succeeded in getting the wasting and fatal hemorrhage sufficiently stanchd, he had the patient removed from the

church to his own home, and administered some anodynes to him to enable him to rest more quietly. No one besides his mother, the doctor, the nurse, and the preacher was allowed to enter his room. He made a bright, impressive profession of saving faith in Jesus the Christ, and passed away in less than a week from the transient sufferings of earth to the immortal joys of heaven. He spoke often, freely, beautifully, and confidently of his thorough preparation for death and his complete triumph over it.

“Walk with me through the dreadful shades

And, certified that thou art mine,

My spirit, calm and undismayed,

I shall into thy hands resign.

No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,

Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheers;

My light, my life, my God is come,

And glory in his face appears!”

OCTOBER eighth to fifteenth, eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, has arrived in the calendar of time; and a year ago we decided by our votes that, in compliance with a generous invitation extended by the good citizens of Murfreesboro to our body, we would, God being willing,

hold our next session in their town, and so here we are on the ground doing our best to keep our promises, with two prelates to help us, Paine and Doggett, and Dr. Young to write down the results. The Bishop appointed this preacher to the Carthage District as presiding elder—what a surprise! He felt at the end of the next ten minutes as if he had sweat more, thought more, and prayed more than he had ever done before in his life in the same length of time. He had no fancy whatever for being assigned to district work; but he determined to go and do the best he could. So we—wife and I—packed up and started for the district. We had a fine year; she went with me a great deal and helped me much in my work.

OCTOBER thirteenth to nineteenth, inclusive, eighteen hundred and eighty, finds us again in Pulaski, with Paine to do the work and Bishop McTyeire to see it well done, and Dr. Young to keep an account of how it was done. This presiding elder went into the cabinet well-nigh crushed with the fearful responsibility of providing work and homes for a whole district of

preachers, and that awful feeling never forsook him. He was reappointed to the Carthage District, and had a fine year.

INQUIRING of a generous and hospitable-looking old darky after a good p'ace at which he might stop for the night and get his horse well cared for, Uncle Eph said, with an air of boundless liberality: "Jess ride yo' hoss right up dar on de hill, an' git down an' hitch 'im to de pos'; I'se gwine to be dar myself d'rec'ly an' git 'im." "Well, if I do as you sav, what have you to feed him on, little nubbins or large ears of corn?" Uncle Eph scratched his head and looked a little puzzled and displeased that such a question should be put to him by any one, and answered with a great show of conscious dignity and self-importance: "Well, now, young marster, weel gib 'im cone, yes sur, dat's w'at weel do; why, you ought to jes' go down in dat fiel' yander yo'se'f and see what we's got dar, I tells you de b'essed troof; why, de long years is a-hanging up dar on de stalks like big, fat raccoons fas'ened dar by dey tails—yes, dat's so, shore's I'se a livin' nigger!" That was enough; he took the old man at his word, and willingly risked him for

the rest of the contract's fulfillment, which he, without doubt, performed faithfully.

OCTOBER nineteenth to twenty-fourth, eighteen hundred and eighty-one, in Lebanon at 9 A.M., Bishop McTyeire took the chair, called the Conference to order, announced a hymn, read a scripture lesson, addressed the devout body, and went to business; and another stormy and unsatisfactory session, very much like the one which he held in Franklin eight years previous, followed. Bishop McTyeire was the prince of presiding officers in the Conference room, and no man was more tenderly conscientious in stationing the preachers in the cabinet work than was he, and he made as few blunders as any of them; but he was a man of strong convictions, and he had the courage to carry them out, which was not always pleasant to the preachers. He made many changes in the appointments of the ministers. He returned me to the district. We had a pleasant and prosperous year.

ONE hot, close, sultry, depressing afternoon he found an interesting lad upon the top of the mountain in trouble, as he thought, and, feel-

ing sorry for him and willing to help him out of his difficulty, he rode up slowly to where he was standing in an apparently confused condition, as if he were studying about something, and did not know exactly what to do on the occasion, for he had two green, inexperienced yearlings yoked up and hitched to a small, light cart, trying to break them and to teach them how to work. Now it was immediately after a rain, and the sun had shone out hot as fire, the air was still, sluggish, lazy, and the heat was intense and almost intolerable. One of the calves, from worry, exhaustion, and anger, had dropped himself down in an indifferent lump upon the mud and water in the road, with his tongue lolled out at full length and breathing as if he were breathing his last. Now when he had, as he supposed, fully taken in the unfavorable situation of affairs, looking steadily with great tenderness and sympathy at the boy, who was tall, slender, very lean and lank, with thin, sallow cheeks, pale, faded blue eyes, heavy, ashen-colored brows, flaxen hair, long, sharp nose, large red ears, gangling legs, and swinging arms, he said to him in a soft, kind, assuring way: "My young friend, I can tell you how to get that calf up from there. You see he cannot breathe through his nostrils and mouth at will, he

can only breathe through his nostrils, so if you will step around there and place your hand—he had big hands—firmly over his nose and hold it there a few seconds, you will cut off his breath, and he will come up quick enough.” He looked directly into my face with an expression of indescribable contempt upon his thin, curling lip, and said in a slow, drawling, slothful tone of voice, “Dang his nose, I’ll twist his darned tail;” and, suiting the action to the word, he seized the stubborn beast by his defenseless caudal appendage and gave it two or three severe, sharp wrings and twirls over his back, and the lubberly brute sprang like burning lightning to his feet, with his dull eyes shining with fury and his clumsy limbs moving nimbly, showing himself ready for instant and hasty flight from the scene of his sharp pain and anguish.

THE Conference met in Franklin on the eighteenth of October, and adjourned on the twenty-third of the month, with Bishop Keener in the chair. There was a change in the secretary: Dr. W. M. Leftwich was selected in the place of Dr. Young, who had been elected consecutively eighteen times, extending from eighteen hundred

and sixty-two down to eighteen hundred and eighty-two, which is the date of the present year—remember that the Conference failed to meet two years, during the War between the States. At his own request, this presiding elder was reduced to ranks, and placed in charge of Alex Green Circuit, with the Rev. W. D. F. Sawrie as his presiding elder. The change was desired because his health was almost broken down, and his home was in the bounds of that delightful little work, and he wished to go there so as to recruit and build himself up again.

DURING the summer he figured in a little transaction which was funny and gave him a fearful fright and made a wiser man of him. One hot, sultry afternoon he harnessed up the horses and hitched them to the wagon and started up to the top of a high, steep, grassy hill to get some stove wood, which he had had prepared for cooking purposes. Now, a profuse rain had fallen in the morning and left the ground slick and slippery, so that the horses found it difficult to keep their footing in pulling; and when they had gone about two-thirds of the way up the troublesome

hill, one of the animals fell on a smooth, flat rock and considerably damaged one of her knees, so he took them from the wagon and tied them to the limb of a tree, and then got upon the seat and placed his hand securely on the brake, intending to slacken it a little so as to let the wagon slide gently down the hill, that he might attach the team to it and drive back to the house; but as it was rather slow and indifferent about moving, he concluded to release the brake a little more, when all at once the vehicle seemed to bounce clear of the ground, as if driven by some invisible and irresistible force, and shot straight down the hill like a driving bolt of lightning; and with the first violent jerk he fell from the seat flat on his back in the bottom of the bed of the flying machine, and lay helplessly there until it had finished its course. There was a strong rail fence at the foot of the hill, and when it reached that it went rushing through as if it had been built of straws, leaving several panels of it in a tangled heap, as if it had been struck by a storm, and it never checked its dizzy speed until it had rushed wildly across the field and landed in a thicket of bushes and briars; there it hung up, and when he had struggled to his feet he was so completely dazed and bewildered by the extravagant ride that

it took him some time to identify and locate himself. And, strange to say, he does not yet fully understand why one may not loosen the brake on a wagon and permit it to glide slowly and smoothly down the rough sides of a steep hill; but there is not a living man upon the surface of the earth that would be farther from trying the foolish experiment than himself—no inducement whatever would be sufficient to get him into it.

THIS year, October the seventeenth to twenty-second, eighteen hundred and eighty-three, the Methodist preachers held their big annual conclave in the town of Shelbyville, with Bishop Pierce at their head, and Dr. Leftwich as their chosen and ready scribe. The Bishop has grown old and is in very feeble health, but still he remains cheerful and happy. All things rounded up well. This circuit rider was sent back to Alex Green, which pleased him much. Dr. R. K. Brown was placed upon the district as presiding elder.

M'KENDREE Church, in Nashville, had the pleasure of entertaining the venerable body of godly men in the old Jerusalem Conference,

with Bishop McTyeire in the chair, from October the eighth to the fourteenth day of the month, eighteen hundred and eighty-four. This was one of the most pleasant sessions of the Conference, and Dr. Leftwich made a record of it. We were appointed to Olivet and Pleasant Hill, in Giles County, with the Rev. T. J. Duncan for our presiding elder. And during this year, at the invitation of Brother Burnett, who was in charge of Alex Green Circuit, this old pastor went back there to assist in a protracted meeting. He did all the preaching. There was a great revival, which resulted in the conversion of about sixty persons, many of whom were advanced in life. The grand success of the meeting was, in a large measure, attributable to the influence and efficient efforts of Capt. Frank Green, who was then, and had been for years, the Sunday school superintendent at that place. He also had fine meetings at both the churches in his own charge.

THERE was a family of fine, well-cultured people living in the bounds of his charge, with whom he had become intimately acquainted. They attended his meetings; but they did not believe in

the doctrines and usages of the Methodist Church at all, and he knew this, for he had often conversed with them and had heard them express themselves freely on the subject. However, as the meeting progressed, the lady became profoundly concerned about her condition; and she frankly told her husband that she was by no means satisfied with her relations to God in spiritual matters, and that she was becoming more seriously disturbed in that direction daily. He gave her no comfort nor encouragement. So one morning as he was calling for penitents to come forward to the altar for prayer and instruction, she arose and came up and was manifestly in great agony of soul and anxiously seeking salvation from sin. Her husband came and requested him to converse with his wife. He replied to him by saying: "I am perfectly willing to comply with your wish if you will go with me and listen to what I have to say to her." "No," he responded, "I cannot do that, for the simple reason that I do not believe in such things." So nothing was said to her. The next morning she was back again in her place, weeping bitterly and pleading aloud for pardon; her husband urged him to go and tell her what to do to obtain the forgiveness of her sins, and he answered, "I will, if you will go with

me;" and without a word of objection they walked together to where she was, the preacher taking his position upon one side of the lady and the husband seating himself on the other side of her; and when the preacher commenced talking to her, the husband took the whole matter at once to himself and began exhorting his wife with great earnestness and zeal what to do and how to do to obtain remission; and while he was yet doing this, he suddenly jumped up and shouted aloud for joy, and all at once turning, and looking at the startled preacher, he said: "Did you see that? I was telling her how to get it, and I got it myself." Just at that juncture his wife sprang to her feet and joined him in the shout, and they continued for some time rejoicing and praising the Lord with gladness and singleness of heart.

ONE evening he was preaching for a ministerial brother, whom he had promised to assist in a protracted meeting, and while calling mourners he had an unmistakable presentiment that there was at that time somebody in the room who was receiving his last invitation that he would ever get in this life; and, so powerful and vivid was

the impression on his mind that such was the case, he became intensely personal in making his appeal. There were two young men sitting together on a pew directly in front of him, who, though behaving well and giving close attention, still attracted his special notice. So he urged them strongly to accept the offer of mercy at once, reminding them of the solemn fact that it might be their last opportunity on this side of the grave. Now, when the services closed and they were leaving the church, his wife remarked to him: "Mr. Jackson, I am sorry that you made that appeal as you did to-night. It was not like you at all to do that. Really, it must have been embarrassing to those young gentlemen." He hardly knew what to say; but, after pausing for a few moments to think, he replied: "I cannot tell why I did it, for I do not know myself; but I could not refrain from speaking after that manner." And when they had gotten themselves seated in the buggy, and were ready to move off, these same young men came dashing by on their horses at rapid speed, and when they had gone about one mile from that place one of the horses lost his footing and fell sprawling on the side of the road and pitched his unfortunate rider headlong against a strong, rough stone wall,

which had been built there for a fence, killing him instantly. As soon as we reached the fatal spot and learned the cause of the great excitement among the people, he knew, without the faintest doubt, that the sad occurrence was the only true solution to his strange feelings in the church.

“ 'Tis not for man to trifle: life is brief,
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours;
All must be in earnest in a world like ours.”

ON October seventh to thirteenth, eighteen hundred and eighty-five, the formidable saddlebags, Bible, and hymn book force of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Middle Tennessee, are in council with each other about the best methods and plans for carrying on the holy crusade against all manner of wickedness in high and low places throughout the land; and Columbia is the happy town in which they are at present quartered, under the command of Bishop Wilson as presiding officer and Bishop McTyeire as distinguished visitor. We were appointed to Sparta, with the Rev. T. L. Moody for our presiding elder.

The preacher's sphere of success this year seemed confined mainly to the children, of whom he received about thirty into the church, extending from five to thirteen years of age.

WHILE preaching in that excellent and thrifty little mountain town, he was very much interested in the temperance cause, and engaged constantly in speaking and organizing societies all over the country. Now it happened that a gentleman living away over on the mountain was at one of his meetings, and, appearing to be very much pleased with the proceedings, came to him just after he had finished instituting a promising lodge of teetotalers, and gave him a very warm and pressing invitation to come to his neighborhood and do as much for his people. And when he consented to comply with his most reasonable request at some convenient and suitable time, he insisted that he fix the time then and there, in order that he might be able to properly circulate it and get him up a big crowd. So, after duly consulting his memoranda and calendar, he settled upon an afternoon of a certain Sunday which was several weeks ahead of him. Sometime after entering into this

agreement, he chanced to mention it in a conversation with a friend, who, on hearing of it, entreated him to break the engagement at once, and warned him of the imminent danger he would be in and the great risk he would run of losing his life if he should undertake to keep his promise; but he did not think very seriously of the matter, and soon dismissed it almost entirely from his mind. And when the day appointed came around, he mounted a good saddle horse and put out for the place, and when he was approaching it this same identical individual, accompanied by about three of his associates, came forth and met him some distance from the little cabin on the side of the mountain where the speaking was to be done, and, with a threatening manner and in an ominous tone of voice, said: "Look here, parson, I reckon you'd better not light here, you'd better stay up there on your creeter, you'd better not get down amongst us; we know our own business, and don't intend to have any of your sass in it, you hear that, don't you?" And while he was indulging in this bulldozing and intimidating tirade, he kept at regular intervals throwing his coat tail around so as to display in the most alarming way a tremendous old pistol which was sticking out of the pocket of the short

garment he had, which was made somewhat after the style of a pea-jacket. Now that gun somehow or other had a most demoralizing effect upon the preacher's feelings. Every time he caught a glimpse of the thing it seemed to him to be growing mighty fast. At last to his distorted vision it looked about like a mountain howitzer. And then he was annoyed with a painful chilliness which seized upon the tips of his fingers and the ends of his toes and went creeping up his arms and legs toward his body. And the disregarded advice of his friend came with great force and pathos to his mind. He had no time to lose; he knew that he could not remain on his horse, turn back, or press forward. He had to face the danger whether he wanted to or not, and he was not slow in reaching his conclusions and adopting his measures to meet the dreadful emergency. Having decided upon his course, in the act of dismounting he said to his boisterous antagonist: "Come, my friend, and let me tell you what sort of a speech I wish to make here now if you will let me do it; and after I have explained to you the matter, if you say I shall not speak I will not attempt it. All I ask for is fair play." He came sauntering up to him alone, and he said to him in a very earnest way: "Listen to

me; I am opposed to the government licensing these men down in the valley because they have plenty of money to build big distilleries and open fine saloons, and then sending a parcel of revenue officers up here in the mountains to shoot you people down like a herd of wild hogs just because you are making a little wild-cat or moonshine whisky; and that is what I desire to say here this evening if you will allow me to do it." He looked him steadily and inquiringly in the eyes for a few seconds and, with a quizzical grin on his face, said: "Now, parson, are you right sure that you are telling the truth about this thing?" To which he replied: "That is exactly what I will do if I can get your consent." Then turning toward the three men, whom he had left standing a few paces away from him, he called out in a loud voice: "Come here, boys; why, by jingo, he's one of our crowd; he's not agin us at all, he's on our side." As they moved on toward the little old log schoolhouse where several hundreds of people were gathered to hear the speaking, the preacher said: "I see that you are a person of influence in this country, and I want you to introduce me to the folks and tell them what sort of a speech I am going to make;" to which he quickly responded, "You are mighty

right about that; why, I've been constable here twice." He was soon presented as one of their crowd and as being on their side, and he proceeded at once in his speech to pour hot shot into the big distilleries and fine saloons down in the rich valley region of the State, and to shell at long range with a tremendous show of zeal and patriotism the revenue squads prowling over the mountains hunting for the contraband establishments on the hills and in the hollows, when they might be going after greater offenders. And at the close of his fiery harangue, he handed a small blank book with a pencil to his friend and assistant to take the names of those who were willing to join the lodge to be organized. He went out putting down the names of all just as he came to them, and when the speaker said, "That is sufficient," he responded with a triumphant look on his face: "Shucks, I can get all of 'em if you want 'em." But the preacher insisted that he should leave the others to be taken in by himself at some future time, and as the names were called out he formed them into a sort of semicircle, and without book or ritual he pledged them to oppose bitterly and forever in all worthy and honorable ways all the big distilleries and fine saloons in

the land. It is hardly necessary to state that that lodge was never reported.

OCTOBER sixth to twelfth, eighteen hundred and eighty-six, Clarksville has us again, and we have Clarksville; we also have Bishop E. R. Hendrix, of Kansas City, Mo., with us to see that we are orderly and behave well, and Dr. Leftwich to keep a big diary of the whole matter. It is the first time that Bishop Hendrix has had charge of the Tennessee Conference. We were appointed to Winchester Station. We went at once to our new field, and began to cultivate it. The year was a pleasant and useful one in every way.

THE Conference met in Gallatin on October the twelfth, and broke up camp on the eighteenth day of that month, eighteen hundred and eighty-seven, with Bishop A. W. Wilson, of Baltimore, in the chair to see that all things were done decently and in order by and among the brethren. It was a fine session of the ecclesiastical convention. We were returned to Winchester, where we spent a fine year. There was a steady advance movement in all the enterprises of the Church.

BISHOP KEENER called the Conference to order in the good old town of Fayetteville at nine o'clock in the morning of the seventeenth of October, eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, and proceeded to open the body in the regular way, with music, prayer, reading the Holy Scriptures, and an episcopal address to the brethren; and after a very harmonious session of six days, he proceeded to close the anxious assembly on the twenty-second day of the month by reading out the appointments, during which important prelatical performance this scribe learned that he was to spend another year with the good folks in Winchester, which was exactly to his liking.

THE Conference was convened in Murfreesboro October ninth to fourteenth, eighteen hundred and eighty-nine, by Bishop Keener, and Bishop Hargrove was present as a visitor. It was an animated but in the main pleasant session of the old Jerusalem body. There were some pretty warm discussions, but they invariably terminated in an amicable manner. This preacher was happy to find himself sent to the Springfield Station. We had a fine year. We made some important and expen-

sive improvements upon the church building, and also had some valuable additions to the membership of the society. The Rev. W. R. Peebles was our presiding elder.

THE Conference met in Pulaski October eighth to fifteenth, eighteen hundred and ninety, with Bishop Hargrove in the chair, and Dr. Leftwich at the secretary's desk. The session was rather stormy and unsatisfactory. The brethren were not very well pleased with the disposition of things either in the Conference room or in the cabinet. This pastor was again plucked from the ranks of the ministry and put on the Shelbyville District. He had a successful year.

ONE fine Sunday morning in the spring of the year he preached out in the open air, with the soft, bright, blue fields of light lying around him in bold and beautiful relief in every direction, while he stood upon the mountain side filled with sacred awe and gazing with insatiable delight upon the gorgeous scenery of nature spreading out in careless, romantic display all about him, breath-

ing an atmosphere as pure and salubrious as was ever blown by the toying winds of heaven across the rugged face of the earth and richly laden with sweet perfume, freshly lifted from seemingly boundless bowers of radiant wild honeysuckles in full bloom and proudly flaunting their gay colors in the smiling face of the lovely day and listening to the playful squirrels chattering among the trees and the happy birds filling the woods with enchanting music from their merry little throats, and feeling that God was looking down complacently upon all his mighty works. He preached that day from the words: "Follow me. And he forsook all, and rose up and followed him." (Luke v 27, 28.) While he was insisting strenuously and earnestly upon the principle and fact that, if any one can only get the full consent of his mind to abandon all and follow Christ, the battle is over, the victory is won, and salvation is begun. A poor, drunken, besotted man, with all the fearful marks of dissipation and debauchery upon him, who was sitting right in front of the speaker, listening with undivided attention to the sermon, after considerable effort arose and, steadying himself upon his feet, said with a tremulous, hesitating voice: "Parson, this is the first time that it has been put to me in such a way

that I could take it; but I am ready now, I accept the terms." • This completely nonplused the preacher, and, not knowing what to do, he remarked: "Well, my friend, just be seated a few minutes till I can finish my discourse, and then we will talk about the matter." But he instantly replied: "Parson, that is not what you said; you said right now, and right now I am ready." Seeing that he would not be put off, but rather persisted in urging his claim, the preacher suspended everything else and proceeded to baptize and take him into the Church. He then administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; but many of the old communicants were conspicuously absent from the table because of the presence of the new one, and some of the officials were so much displeased with the transaction that they threatened to go out if he remained in. Now dinner was served on the ground; and immediately after dining the minister invited the gentleman just received to walk with him. He readily consented, but was so much intoxicated that he could scarcely get along at all. And when they had gone some distance in the woods, away from the sight and hearing of the crowd, he commenced a conversation with him about the occurrence of the morning, and, finding

to his entire satisfaction that he was perfectly sensible of all that he had done, and that he was honest, sincere, and conscientious in the undertaking, he began to have more confidence in the movement himself. And he took special pains to explain to him how he would have to live and conduct himself so as to be happy and useful and gain the respect and favor of his neighbors; he reminded him that, like a little child learning to walk, he would fall down in the dust and upon the rocks and get soiled and bruised, but that he must get up again and continue to try until he could walk steady and run fast. He consented to all this and promised to perform it. Then he was requested to give up the whisky if he had any of it with him, and he surrendered a small flask which was about half full and which the preacher flung upon the ground, breaking it, and then asked him if he had any more. He answered yes; and when told to hand it out, slowly and reluctantly brought out another little bottle which was full, and, holding it in his trembling hand, said: "Parson, if I give this up, how am I going to taper off?" It was a pathetic sight; but the preacher responded promptly: "You are not going to taper off at all; you are going to quit; you must stop this business at once;

you cannot be a good man and drink whisky." So that bottle was also dashed to the earth and broken to pieces. Then they knelt down together and prayed fervently to God for all needed grace and help, after which they arose and went back and joined the company. The preacher took his address and kept up a regular correspondence with him; and about one year afterwards, at the fourth Quarterly Conference, he was nominated by the pastor for the stewardship, was elected, and made a faithful and efficient officer in the Church.

BISHOP WILSON opened the Conference in regular session in West End Church on the morning of the twenty-eighth of October, and closed it on the third day of the following November, eighteen hundred and ninety-one. The session was animated and interesting from start to finish. We had a change of secretaries. Rev. B. F. Haynes was elected instead of Dr. Leftwich, who had held the place for nine successive years. This presiding elder was returned to the Shelbyville District. He was blessed with success in all the departments of his work.

WE are again in the city of rocks attending Conference, October nineteenth to twenty-fifth, eighteen hundred and ninety-two, with Bishop C. B. Galloway, of Mississippi, occupying the chair of episcopal authority, and Brother Haynes to write things down. It was a good session of the consecrated body; all things were done decently, timely, and in order; and this presiding elder was not disgruntled in the least degree whatever when he was officially informed by the public announcement from the mouth of the Bishop, which had evidently been "touched by a live coal from off the altar," that he would go back for another year to the Shelbyville District; and he had a good, pleasant, and prosperous time, too.

THIS year, October eighteenth to twenty-fourth, eighteen hundred and ninety-three, the Conference was held in Lebanon by Bishop Keener. The session was a little blustery and gusty. Delegates were elected to the General Conference in addition to the regular routine business of the venerable assembly. In his wisdom and godly judgment the Bishop saw proper to send this presiding elder back to the Shelbyville District

to finish up his fourth year there, which he did as well as he could.

THE various subordinate officers in command of the hosts of the Lord in the bounds of the Tennessee Conference, with Bishop W W Duncan in charge to direct their measures and movements against the opposers of righteousness for another year, are in sacred and public convention in the splendid old town of Franklin from the seventeenth to the twenty-second of October, eighteen hundred and ninety-four. They had a good time for six religiously hilarious and happy days with their chief commander and those who kept up the camp fires and furnished the daily rations for the gospel troopers. This subaltern was placed in charge of the forces operating in the territory covered by the Murfreesboro District. He had a fine year.

A MOTHER was bereaved and broken-hearted. Death had come into her home and removed from her tender embraces her little boy, only about three and a half years of age. He was an unusually

bright, interesting, promising child, the pet of the house and the idol of her heart. And he died suddenly—sick but a few hours. When the angels came and got him, the cheerful light of life faded from her sad soul, and it seemed that it had gone out never to be kindled up again. All but herself thought her grief excessive. Her friends tried in vain to comfort her. She brooded over her sorrow with a strange endearment until those who loved her became anxious about her condition. The toys that he played with while living were carefully collected and arranged in a room, into which the doting mother would go and gaze upon them with weeping eyes for long, melancholy hours. But the good Lord sent another charming little cherub into her arms to chase the dreary gloom from her desolate life and bring the long-lost smile back to her withered face. But, with all this, she still persistently refused to be comforted, and continued to cling to her grief with an unaccountable affection which was painfully pathetic. Standing in the clear, bright morning light with her spotless, innocent babe pressed fondly to her aching heart, and her noble husband close to her side, she said to the preacher: "Is not my precious little boy sweet now?" And, quick as a flash of inspiration

from heaven, there came into his mind the startling impression that he too must pass immediately from the contaminations and cares of earth to the perpetual purity and pleasures of heaven. And fully under the conscious influence of this divine revelation, he could not refrain from suggesting to the exultant mother the near approach of that awful hour of bitterness and death. Looking compassionately upon her, he answered: "Yes, he is; and I should think that in him, at least in a measure, you are finding a compensation for the loss of the other one, especially when you must know that he has happily escaped the pollutions and troubles of this life, which are so hard to be borne." Tears began to flow from her eyes as, with plaintive, trembling voice, she said: "No, no; that can never be; I can never bow submissively to his death; it is too hard that I have to give him up." He quoted the words of the Saviour: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." (Mark x. 14.) Then added: "Murmur not; give your children up to your Lord. He can take better care of them than you can; he can do more for them than you will ever be able to do; yes, infinitely more and better." Before that week closed the fair, immortal bud was plucked by

the cold fingers of death from the frail stem of mortality and transplanted by celestial messengers to the beautiful paradise of God's delights, to bloom in eternal glory and freshness. Over the little white casket, containing the precious remains of that angelic babe, the smitten father found Jesus in the pardon of his sins, and for the first time felt the untold raptures of everlasting life; and his faithful wife, kneeling in perfect, joyous resignation at his side, with her radiant countenance beaming with the unfading splendor of a blessed hope of an eternal reunion with her sinless children in the far-away palace of her Father in glory, whispered:

"The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair.

Above that head;

No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray

Says he is dead.

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone;

But present still,

And waiting for the coming hour

Of God's sweet will.

The veil, the veil! so thin, so strong,

'Twixt us and thee;

The mystic veil! when shall it fall,

That we may see?"

FOR the first time in the history of the spunky little town, the whole of the Tennessee Conference is quartered snugly as you please in Winchester for a six days' stay, October twenty-third to twenty-eighth, eighteen hundred and ninety-five, and they were never better cared for anywhere. Bishop Wilson was in charge of the holy gospel propagandists, and he handled them without gloves. He thought changes ought to be made, and he did not stand upon the making of them. With lofty, unflinching bravery he revised the whole helpless body, cabinet and all. He easily repealed some acts and as readily passed some others. But perhaps it all turned out in the end for the better, as under the restraining and overruling providence of Almighty God the selfish sale of Joseph by his unkind and dominant brethren was made a blessing to the unoffending nation. No one doubts the Bishop's good intentions, but even these could not save the grave prelate from mistakes. We also had a change in the secretaryship. By the vote of the Conference, Brother Haynes, who had served a full quadrennium, was substituted by Brother L. R. Amis. This presiding elder was reduced to the ranks, and placed in charge of Murfreesboro Station.

ONE Sunday night in Murfreesboro he had a premonition that something unusual was going to take place at the church during that service. He had no special reason for this uncommon expectancy further than the clear intimation which came unto him while he was preparing his sermon for the occasion, and which he could attribute alone to a divine source. Often he has been conscious that the Holy Spirit was guiding him by his influence, shed directly upon him, in the selection of his text, and so aiding him in its treatment as to make it effective in the salvation of the hearer. And at the time of which he is now speaking, as soon as he took his Bible in his hand, the text was forcibly presented to his mind; and at once he recognized the presence of his infallible Helper, felt assured, and yielded to all his suggestions. The scripture, which brightened to his view and glowed with evident light from heaven, was: "And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus." (Phil. iv. 7.) He felt satisfied that, from the way things cleared up and came flashing from all disorder and confusion into the luminous arrangements and attractions of inspired truth, God was opening the way for some grand develop-

ment. As he went into the church and walked up to the pulpit, his whole spiritual nature was thoroughly thrilled with the rapturous sense of the invisible and invincible presence and power of his divine Lord, who seemed still whispering to his pliable and confiding spirit: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." (Matt. xxviii. 20.) The whole matter was made clear at the end of the discourse, when a young gentleman from another State, who was a traveling salesman, came with his face all aglow with the transporting joys of a knowledge of pardoned sin, and, taking him by the hand, said: "Sir, I have come to tell you that God has wonderfully and mercifully saved me to-night. I do not often go to church; but I happened to come around here to-night, and I am glad that I came. I am as happy as I can be, and I felt like I ought to come and let you know what the Lord has done for me before leaving the house."

WELL, here we are back in old McKendree Church again, October twenty-first to twenty-eighth, eighteen hundred and ninety-six, with Bishop John C. Granbery in authority to conduct things safely through. Matters moved direct-

ly and steadily forward—sometimes quietly and at other times somewhat boisterously—from the opening session until the appointments were read out. And then it was found that this itinerant was assigned to the Shelbyville Station. The arrangement suited him well, and he got along all right in that nice little charge.

OCTOBER twentieth to twenty-fifth, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, the Conference came together to hold their great yearly convention in Shelbyville, with Bishop Hendrix in the chair, and Brother Amis as scribe. Bishop Keener was expected to have presided over the body, but was prevented from doing it on account of the yellow fever, which had broken out in New Orleans, the place of his home. This pastor was sent to Trinity, a pleasant little charge in the East Nashville District, which he liked.

IN eighteen hundred and sixty-seven he was decoyed into the lecturing field just long enough to deliver a dissertation on "The Honorableness of Manual Labor," which was published at the time in a political paper:

“In sudore vultus tui vesceris pane, donec revertaris in terram de qua sumtus es: quia pulvis es et in pulverem reverteris.

“Idleness is a fruitful source of vice and crime. The rogue steals because he will not work. The robber kills and burns rather than acquire by honest toil. He stealthily forces his way through bolt and bar into the house, and with the shining dagger he strikes with one hand the life from his sleeping victim, and with the other hand he wickedly applies the blazing torch to the plundered and robbed building, containing the mangled and dead bodies of the slain. Thus he counts and appropriates cash not obtained by honest toils, but by murder. And if these extreme enormities are not resorted to, idleness is sure to drive its slaves into other disgraceful and hurtful practices, such as cheating the bereaved widow and the unfortunate orphan out of their just rights, defrauding the ignorant and unsuspecting and oppressing the poor, hard-working hireling in his wages. But sometimes idleness loses its malicious activity and becomes slothfully inert. The woeful accumulation of wretchedness and misery in the deplorable haunts of abject poverty, as found in the city, town, village, and country, in a vast majority of cases, is

attributable to a want of industry among those involved in the suffering. God has mercifully promised to every mortal man enough to eat and wear as a fair remuneration for the sweat wrung from his lofty brow by good, honest toil. Husbandry is within the reach of all, and is well and wisely adapted to all. There is a suitable and an abundant living in the yielding bosom of the ground for every one who is not too lazy and mean to dig it out. And the sorrowful fact that Cain, the first farmer, was an infidel and a fratricidal murderer detracts nothing from the worthiness or utility of the calling. No praiseworthy pursuit is entirely destitute of infamous followers. All men who have common sense and ordinary physical strength can obtain at least a subsistence for themselves and those dependent upon them by cultivating the soil. And it is altogether favorable to piety and promotive of domestic peace and prosperity. It is a fact deserving serious consideration that Adam, the head of the race, was required to labor before the fall while he was yet in possession of original innocence and pristine purity. In his brightest and best days he was a horticulturist. 'And Jehovah God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it'

(Gen. ii. 15)—that is, *to work it and to watch it*. Before he sinned, toil was a recreation and a pleasure to him; but after his disobedience, it was a dire necessity and full of pain to him. And we long to see the day dawn when these great wilderness bodies of rich and arable land all over the face of the earth shall be forced by faithful industry to give up their strength and increase to supply man and beast with the demands and comforts of life. The machinist and the mechanic ought to be appreciated and admired, for in the exercise of their sublime genius they lessen and lighten the servile labor and hard drudgery of their fellow-men. It remains a wonder that these generous benefactors of mankind have not long ago reached the highest point upon fame's bright pinnacle. There is no form of manual toil more highly complimentary than theirs. Joseph, the reputed father of our Lord, was a carpenter; and Jesus, the divine Saviour of the world, followed that trade until he was about thirty years of age. Then who will dare pronounce manual labor dishonorable to any one? Who will be so culpably ignorant of what constitutes the true nobleness and dignity of character as to confess himself ashamed of work? Remember that the industrious and toiling masses of the

population of any country or age are the elements of strength and success in State and Church.

"We have advanced to this point without mentioning the reverential name of woman in connection with the world of toil; and even now we admit that it is with fear and trembling that we bring her in contact with our theme, lest we should give offense to the overscrupulous. But ought she to work? The Bible points us back through the long lapse of ages to the immortal example of such women as Sarah and Rebecca; and the blind bard of Scio's rocky Isle directs our attention to such matrons as Penelope, the faithful wife of the mighty Ulysses, for the proper response. But we need not wander so far back into the dim and misty regions of the past. Our mothers and grandmothers worked, and they were the grandest women that we have ever known. They wore the natural crimson of beauty and health upon their cheeks, their lips were bathed in the soft, sweet glow of ruddy fire, their eyes were fountains of exhaustless love and joy, and they were queenly in form and appearance—helps meet indeed they were to their husbands. We would not see woman reduced to drudgery; and we are equally opposed to the system which would teach her indolence as an

accomplishment of her sex. Her divine sphere is one of toil and sympathy.

“Woman! blest partner of our joys and woes!
Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill,
Untarnished yet thy fond affection glows,
Throbs with each pulse, and beats with every thrill!
When sorrow rends the heart, when feverish pain
Wrings the hot drops of anguish from the brow,
To soothe the soul, to cool the burning brain,
O! who so welcome and so prompt as thou?”

THE Conference met in Clarksville this year, October nineteenth to twenty-fifth, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, for the fifth time since this chronicler offered himself for membership in it. We have the good and amiable Bishop Joseph S. Key with us to keep us straight. The session was, as usual, mixed with sunshine and shade, with the sunshine fully in the lead. This willing preacher was returned to Trinity. He had a pleasant, profitable, and, in many respects, a successful year in his charge.

COLUMBIA had the Conference encamping on them from October eighteenth to the twenty-fourth of the month, eighteen hundred and

ninety-nine, Bishop Galloway presiding. We had a good time in all respects. This circuit rider was placed in charge of Blakemore Chapel, a nice little church convenient to his home.

BY special invitation, accepted by a vote of the entire body, McMinnville is allowed the expensive pleasure of entertaining the Conference, October twenty-fourth to twenty-ninth, nineteen hundred, and the whole assemblage of famous chicken eaters seem to be perfectly charmed to be the guests of such magnificent hosts, with Bishop Galloway at their head. This humble and submissive pastor was returned to Blakemore, which delighted his heart.

OCTOBER twenty-third, nineteen hundred and one, in the city of Pulaski, at nine o'clock Wednesday morning, Bishop Fitzgerald sounded the gavel to call the noisy, talkative members of the Tennessee Conference to order, and proceeded to open the body in due and ancient form for the transaction of such business as might come regularly before it; and in a most striking and in-

teresting way he closed the ecclesiastical convention on the twenty-ninth day of the same month, at which time it was made known publicly that this pastor had been authoritatively returned to his little flock at Blakemore, with Dr. Kelley as his presiding elder.

WE have met again in our great annual reunion of hearts and hands in the warm, comfortable, and hospitable homes of the whole-souled citizens of the enterprising and growing little city of Fayetteville, October twenty-second to twenty-seventh, nineteen hundred and two, with Bishop Wilson in the chair, and Brother Amis, with his accomplished assistants properly distributed about him, at the recorder's desk. We rarely have so harmonious and delightful a session of the Conference as this one proved to be. All things moved off from the beginning to the end pleasantly and satisfactorily. This brother was sent back to Blakemore to complete his quadrennium there. He could not have been better suited and pleased.

OCTOBER seventh to twelfth, nineteen hundred and three, finds the Methodist band of holy and consecrated prophets congregated in Murfreesboro looking after the Lord's business, with Bishop A. Coke Smith as their prelatival leader in Conference matters, and Brother Amis as master of the quill, with all his assistant recorders about him. And the brethren are on hand in full force, and, as is generally the case with them on such occasions, they are full of hope and happiness.

THIS member of that grandest of all self-denying and self-sacrificing associations yet devised or organized among the frail, erring, consecrated sons of men, after standing with firm, unfaltering purpose and fearless, unyielding resolution out on the firing line for forty-three years, asked for a supernumerary relation, and it was granted to him. Very nearly all the way through he has had a healthy, cheerful, prosperous, and successful time. And now he has no complaints to make against anybody or anything. From his tender infancy up to the present good, joyful moment, extending all along over about sixty-four years, his

entire life has been well-nigh one continuous, unbroken blaze of unsullied and undimmed sunshine. And even the few thin, transient, and flitting clouds which have occasionally drifted across his clear, balmy, azure skies have ever been splendidly gilded with the bright, golden tints of a soft, beautiful, ethereal light; and when they have disappeared they have always left him with a fuller and better appreciation of the constant flow of heavenly sunshine which has flooded his pathway from its unconscious beginning to its agreeable and happy end, which is rapidly unfolding to his unclouded vision. And if he had to run his course over again, he would be a Methodist preacher and a circuit rider.

“O that without a ling’ring groan
I may the welcome word receive!
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!”